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World War and American Politics

BATTLE is joined between those who assume that a third World War has already begun and those who still hold that "police action" can be confined to Korea. Propaganda in the United States has conditioned most people to treat as a mere legal nicety the distinction between United Nations' action in Korea and America's unilateral intervention in Formosa. Many American newspapers have been contemptuous of Pandit Nehru's diplomacy of mediation and, until last week, failed even to record British press protests against the war policy of General MacArthur. But it is a tribute to Pandit Nehru, and a proof that the capacity for thought has not been altogether choked by war propaganda in the United States, that some hesitations, doubts and criticisms have begun to appear in responsible American journals.

The *Herald Tribune* and the *Christian Science Monitor* have recently been joined by other sober critics in pointing out that Formosa may become the flashpoint of a war in which the United States would not be supported by many of the allies who endorsed its actions in Korea. Many Americans are undoubtedly troubled to discover that anxiety about MacArthurism extends in this country as far as such staid newspapers as the *Observer*, the *Manchester Guardian* and *The Times*.

We must remember that America has taken two unauthorised steps towards war with China. The first was Mr. Truman's unhappy decision to link the "screening" of Formosa with the war in Korea. The next was the visit of MacArthur to discuss joint action with Chiang Kai-shek, at the very time that, in defiance of orders, he was bombing the mainland. America has just begun to realise that MacArthur and Chiang Kai-shek are flouting American policy and thumbing their noses at Mr. Truman. It may, therefore, become less difficult for Mr. Truman to disentangle America from Formosa. It remains difficult, however, because MacArthur is the chosen hero of the Republican militarists. It is a horrifying thought that the world may be engulfed in war because Congressional elections occur next November.

Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson came under heavy fire this week from the Republican members of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee who, in a statement designed as the opening round of election propaganda, have blamed all the post-war successes of the U.S.S.R. upon the Democratic Party. In consequence, Mr. Truman's foreign policy is now a campaign issue. Before he makes a move, he must consider its impact upon the fortunes of the Democratic candidates. The Republicans will seize upon and exploit any sign of "weakness" in dealing with Communism, while Senator McCarthy will be looking for fresh ammunition for his guerilla war against the State Department.

Some timid people in this country dislike British criticism of American policy on the grounds that it tends to divide Britain and America and to increase President Truman's difficulties. Precisely the opposite is the case. A fatal division between America and Britain may really occur if America pursues a reckless policy which cannot be accepted by those who will suffer most from its consequences. On the other hand, if President Truman and Mr. Acheson desire to avoid war with China, as we may be sure that they do, they will be greatly aided by every British protest against General MacArthur's policy. The British press has at last given them some weapons which should help them to deal with him. According to *The Times'* correspondent in Tokio, General MacArthur is regally indignant at the idea of the British Government attempting to "arrogate to itself, under the guise of membership in the United Nations, the slightest warrant [to pass] judgment on the propriety of the mission of an American officer in compliance with the orders of his Government." He naturally assumes that such "provocative and misleading propaganda" has a Communist source. *The Times'* correspondent adds:

> Allied headquarters in Tokio does not show itself to be receptive on fundamental issues to any views which differ from its own. The British political representative has been unable to see General MacArthur for many weeks.

We assure General MacArthur that we do regard it as very proper that we should inform him that we do not intend to be dragged by him into a war to restore the old regime in China. Mr. Attlee might ask him why he thinks it beneath his dignity to receive the representative of a country whose soldiers, sailors and airmen, he assumes, will be ready to die for him in the near future. It is something that the recalcitrant views of the British press and the British Government have at last reached him, even at second hand. British newspapers, we trust, will continue to risk the displeasure of this unreceptive General.

Wisdom from India

Into the sterile and embittered procedural wrangle at Lake Success a welcome grain of common sense has been injected by the Indian delegate. The suggestion made by Sir Benegal Rau was that the six smaller nations at present represented on the Security Council should be appointed as a Commission, not merely to work out the United Nations' war aims in Korea and to study plans for the country's ultimate future, but also to consider and report on all proposals made, or made hereafter, for a "just and peaceful settlement." The advantage of this proposal is that none of the six non-permanent members —India, Cuba, Ecuador, Yugoslavia, Norway and Egypt—could be accused of imperialist ambitions, and none is directly concerned with the strategic value of the Korean peninsula.

The chances for successful mediation with a view to a truce must be regarded as remote with military operations at their present tempo; and, unless the American forces are compelled to evacuate Korea completely—a possibility which is now in the balance—there seems to be little prospect of a lull in the fighting in which any new proposals, either from the U.N. Commission or some other quarter, could gain a useful hearing. Even so, something would be gained if the Security Council could publish a blueprint of post-war plans for a country whose ultimate unification is both politically and economically essential. This is not the responsibility solely of the United States; nor have the United Nations given any mandate for the permanent occupation of Korea by American forces.

The Schuman Plan at Strasbourg

The advocates of the Schuman Plan have taken the opportunity of the European Assembly at Strasbourg once more to press the British to join the Six-Power talks at Paris. M. Schuman himself, last week, in summarising the progress of the Paris discussions, went out of his way to meet some of the objections voiced unofficially in this country. He argued, for instance, that the proposed coal and steel authority could work by persuasion rather than compulsion, that it would not seek to impose uniformity of social and economic legislation in the member countries—though it would seek a rough approximation of wages and working conditions—and that it would try to preserve "full employment."

But the two British members of the Strasbourg economic committee, Mr. Eccles and Mr. Edelman, both dissented from the committee's view that the Assembly should be what M. Schuman called "the supra-national political assembly" to which the coal and steel authority should be ultimately responsible. Mr. Eccles, speaking for the Conservative Party, wanted the whole Council of Europe to control the authority. Mr. Edelman, somewhat closer to the Downing Street position, was more critical of the Schuman Plan as a whole, arguing that the concessions so far added to the original Plan still left it "in many respects a high autocracy."

This is the real gap between the British and Continental attitudes, which has plagued the question of European "integration" ever since it was first mooted. The British are prepared to accept a confederal approach, in which control still remains with the constituent Governments, which would participate directly: the French want to create an independent policy-making body. To Whitehall, the Committee of Ministers seems the proper organisation to control the proposed authority. The Europeans want to get control away from the separate Governments and put it in the hands of something like the Strasbourg Assembly.

Tito's Bad Luck

Quite precarious enough, Yugoslavia's economy has suffered another severe blow through the drought which has already sent food prices soaring in the "open" markets of Belgrade and other towns. Earlier this year, Marshal Tito's chief worry came from the reluctance of the hard-pressed and hostile "Kulaks" to sow anything like the maximum acreage, and the shrinkage of the sown area plus the drought may well result in a 30 per cent. drop in the normal food production. Yugoslavia, already cruelly hit industrially by the Cominform blockade, may suffer an intensified food-shortage next winter.

Nothing short of substantial American aid is now likely to restore a bad situation that will be sedulously exploited by every device of seditious propaganda from the Cominform countries. The Kremlin has learnt that political attacks on Tito have failed; it may rather hope to undermine a hungry nation by stories of good eating and rising living-standards in Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

Soviet Forced Labour

Mr. Corley Smith, representing Britain at the United Nations Economic and Social Council at Geneva, this week very reasonably challenged the Soviet Union to "give the exact figures of persons undergoing forced labour, just like other countries which publish their criminal and prison statistics." As long as the U.S.S.R. refuses to allow anyone to see conditions for themselves, people will believe that these labour camps are comparable in horror with those of Nazi Germany, while the guesses at numbers will continue to range between the comparatively sober figure of one or two million and the wild estimate of 20 million. The British figure, which Mr. Corley Smith thought might be too low, is ten million. The strongest part of his case, however, was his collection of official Soviet and East European decrees, which display a horrifying disregard for human rights. Perhaps the most revealing of all was a section of the Soviet Criminal Code, which lays it down that in the case of any member of the Soviet land or air force escaping abroad, the adult members of his family, if they either assisted him in his flight or fail to report it, may be imprisoned up to 10 years and lose all their property:

> The remaining adult members of the traitor's family and those living with him or dependent on him at the time of the commission of the crime are liable to deprivation of their electoral rights and to exile to the remote areas of Siberia for a period of five years.

The whole conception of maintaining the loyalty of soldiers and airmen by threatening terrible penalties upon their families is a relic of barbarism, the deliberate adoption of a principle used by the Nazis.

Indonesia and Irian

The Indonesian and Dutch members of the Commission on Irian (as West New Guinea is now called) held such widely different views on the future of this territory that they decided to draw up separate reports of their Conference at The Hague last week. Unfortunately they were not published simultaneously, so that Indonesia's case has not yet been stated. This question, which was left unsettled at the Round Table Conference at The Hague last winter, was referred to the U.N. Commission and has to be settled by the end of this year. Indonesia's strongest claim to Irian would certainly appear to be that the territory formed part of the Netherlands East Indies and that she is therefore as much entitled to succeed to the Dutch title there as in any other part of the area. "Historical and geographical approaches," as Pandit Nehru said in Jakarta two months ago, "give weight to Indonesia's claim to include Irian in its territories."

The Dutch contention, so reminiscent of past imperialist arguments, sanctimoniously expresses fears about the "rights of self-determination of the native population" and the shortage of Indonesian experts on finance, administration, or even to replace the Dutch missionaries who were responsible for education under Dutch rule. This will sound very unconvincing, especially in view of the backwardness of the area; and the Indonesians will naturally believe that they can and will give attention to this as to other areas under their administration—a claim which the record of the Government under the leadership of President Soekarno and Prime Minister Hatta entitles them to make.

Marking Furniture

By agreeing that, in principle, all furniture should be clearly marked with the maker's name and address, Mr. Harold Wilson has taken an important step towards raising the quality of British furniture. Until parliamentary time can be found, however, the necessary legislation must wait. This decision was urged upon the Board of Trade by both manufacturers and the trade unions concerned: opinion in the retail trade has been divided. The case for marking is that this places responsibility for quality squarely on the manufacturer's shoulders, and protects the public against shoddy work. It is distinct from trade marks and names, established by advertising; but the use of such trade marks in upholstery and bedding, the retailers admit, has helped to raise standards and provided some sort of guide for the consumer.

The National Association of Retail Furnishers does not object to branding as such, but only to compulsory branding, on the grounds that it would reduce the retailer's importance in selecting between various manufacturers. But, without compulsion, the scheme would be valueless, since the worst manufacturers would have no reason to comply. The Furniture Development Council has done well in championing this proposal. The next steps are to secure the legislation required, and for the Council to press on rapidly with its search for adequate performance standards for furniture.

Mr. Churchill's Army

THE urgency with which Mr. Churchill has pressed for the recall of Parliament even earlier than September 12 cannot be ascribed merely to a desire to expedite discussion by the House of Commons of proposals to increase the pay of regular soldiers or even to extend by six months the period of conscript service. He can hardly regard either step as measuring up to an emergency which he defined in his Strasbourg speech as a "breathing space of two years or so" in which to prepare for "the general armed assault by the Communists against the Western democracies." There can be little doubt that the Leader of the Opposition wants to carry into Parliament without delay his advocacy of a Western European army under a single command.

What is implied in this conception, which brought MM. Reynaud and Spaak enthusiastically to Mr. Churchill's support? On paper this military structure already exists: there are Field-Marshal Montgomery's headquarters at Fontainebleau and a pyramid of co-ordinating committees. Doubtless, "integration" could be more complete; but, even if a Supreme Commander (who would presumably have to be an American) were appointed with full operational authority, there are practically insurmountable administrative and linguistic obstacles in the way of an entirely "fused" West European army. It is always bound to be an Allied force made up of national contingents. And, that being so, it is evident that what Mr. Churchill is really demanding is not so much a different sort of army, with some new and more compelling *mystique*, as an army whose strength in fully formed and (presumably) at least partially mobilised divisions would be much greater than that of the present nucleus. Moreover, since the French are clearly in no mood to be cast for the role of providers-in-chief of cannon fodder, the force of Mr. Churchill's dreams must evidently include a substantially enlarged British or Anglo-American contingent.

There will be no politically significant opposition to strengthening West Europe's land defences. It is true that military aggression by the U.S.S.R. against the European members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation is still only a speculative hypothesis. But, so long as the possibility cannot be excluded, the British and French Governments cannot await the eventuality with bare hands. There is no comfort for the French in an assurance that American liberating forces might arrive in time to hold the line of the Pyrenees; nor would the people of this country accept with acquiescence the arrival of a hostile force on the Channel coast, from which sufficient long-range guided missiles could readily be launched to make London untenable. Furthermore, there is something repugnant in the argument that the Western European democracies should rely for the defence of their independence solely on the fact that their American "protectors" have a greater capacity than is yet enjoyed by the Soviet Union to lay waste whole cities by tomic bombing.

Nevertheless, before they plunge into fresh military commitments, both Britain and France must weigh carefully certain unpalatable facts. First, there is no warrant for reliance on the willingness of the U.S.A. to maintain a large army permanently mobilised in Europe; nor would there be a convincing answer to the charge that the despatch across the Atlantic of such a force would be widely regarded all over the Continent as highly provocative. In the second place, even if, say, ten British divisions, plus a "token" American contingent, were added to the still very hypothetical twenty divisions envisaged conditionally in the French rearmament plan, such a force—supplemented though it might be by modest contributions from the Low Countries and Scandinavia—would be quite inadequate to hold the line of the Rhine against a serious effort by the Soviet Union and its associates. In short, Mr. Churchill's realism has demonstrated that the West could not put up any prolonged resistance on land against invasion from the East unless the West European army were strengthened by a contingent of twenty or twenty-five divisions supplied by Western Germany.

Is there, then, no more to be said? Must the glaring gap in Western defence be filled by sanctioning the enlistment and equipment of some such German force—supplemented, as some Americans are now urging, with an American-equipped Spanish contribution of a dozen divisions? We reject such a conclusion with emphasis. To our mind the objections are overwhelming. Given such a nucleus, the *Wehrmacht* could again be quickly expanded to a strength which would dominate Western Europe, and there is no guarantee that its leaders might not consider the interests of Germany better served by alliance with Russia rather than the West. Furthermore, with such an army, Western Union would forfeit any moral title to be regarded as the defender of democracy. Finally, the rearmament of Germany would be regarded by every country East of the Elbe as utterly intolerable. Russia would not need to do any propaganda to persuade the Poles and Czechs to fight to the last man against the renewed threat of German invasion. The concentration of such a force, either behind or in front of the Rhine, might only too readily precipitate the war it was designed to avert.

From this dilemma there appears to us to be only one way of escape. The European members of N.A.T.O. must abandon any idea of being a match for the Red Army on land: to make the attempt would both cripple their economies and in all likelihood provoke the aggression which *ex hypothesi* is feared. What we should do instead is to aim at a strictly defensive force which (with some financial aid from the United States) is within our economic capacity, but which is sufficiently substantial to ensure that, if the Soviet Union launched a military attack against Western Europe, the operation would involve a big-scale military effort whose "nuisance" cost, to put it at the lowest, would be a considerable deterrent to the Eastern Bloc. Thus limited, Western rearmament could not be said to be provocative; and it might reasonably be expected to strengthen our ability to negotiate and bargain with a Power which has a healthy, realistic respect for strength.

There are, however, two essential provisos. First, the Western forces must be manifestly defensive in character; this means, for instance, that Britain and France should concentrate, in the air, on fighters—supported by improved radar installations and every possible device for the interception of guided missiles—while discontinuing the production of such an essentially offensive weapon as the heavy bomber. It would also be politic not to accommodate American units of this type in England. Secondly, full use must be made of rearmament's main justification—the ability to negotiate with better chance of success. The "nuisance value" of strengthened defence in Western Europe—which is really all that Mr. Churchill could honestly claim for it—surely implies a parallel determination to seek an accommodation between East and West which will avert war.

Iran and the West

WHOEVER controls Iran to-day controls one of the central squares on the chessboard of world strategy. Its assets are equally vital to the Western Powers and to the Soviet Union. It has oil, which each needs or must deny its opponent. From Iranian bases U.S. bombers could attack Baku and Batum while, in the Soviet camp, the country would straddle the lifeline to the East and make the Middle East untenable. These facts alone explain why Iran has been under firm Anglo-American control since the end of 1946; why war would have probably been the result in 1946 if the U.S.S.R. had maintained its original support for the Azerbaijan regime; and why any new crisis over Iran might lead to war.

It is right to give this warning for, after Korea and Formosa, Iran appears to be the most likely point of conflict. The pattern is familiar. Successive Iranian Governments, enjoying Anglo-American support, have vied with each other in corruption and contempt for democratic liberties. They have done nothing to raise the peasant population out of hunger, disease and illiteracy. Absentee landlords take an exorbitant share of the crops. In the towns the workers are exploited and denied genuine trade union rights. The secret police is active. Any party which challenges the ruling group is suppressed, newspapers arbitrarily banned and their editors sent to jail under an extremely severe press law. At the same time assistance to these Governments is given by American military and financial missions, and the gendarmerie has been reorganised by U.S. officers. Moreover, the British and Americans

were directly concerned in setting up, a few weeks ago, the semi-military regime headed by Field-Marshal Razm-Ara.

Anglo-American policy springs from the desire to make Iran a "strong and reliable roof to the Middle Eastern defences," and from the fear that most advocates of social and political reform might become pro-Soviet and would, if permitted any influence, open Iran to penetration by the U.S.S.R. As in Asia, this conception of defence against Communism means backing repression, incompetence, corruption and reaction, and thus alienating the awakening nationalist forces that want independence and social change and which do not want Communism.

The excuse given for this policy, of course, is that the only organised opposition to the present ruling group comes from the Tudeh Party, and that Tudeh, by its own actions and by those of its counterpart, the Azerbaijan Democratic Party, in 1946, showed that it inclined rather to the Soviet Union than to the West. The British and the Americans seem to fear that if the Tudeh were permitted to grow again to its former strength, it might become strong enough to make a serious bid for power, and that Anglo-American control of this vital area might be loosened without the movement of a single Soviet soldier.

In the short run, this Anglo-American policy can succeed. In the long run, it will produce the situation it is designed to avoid, by forcing everyone in Iran who seeks honest government and social reform to look to the Soviet Union for support. That lesson should have been learnt already from events in Asia, where a similar policy has left the West with such allies as Bao Dai, Synghman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek, and has enabled the Communists to come forward as the champions of national independence and social reform.

It is a policy, moreover, which assumes that the Tudeh was merely a Communist Party under another name. But the fact is that no such party on the Comintern model has ever been formed in Iran, for a variety of reasons. Tudeh, as its name implies, neither sought to be more nor became more than a loosely organised "mass" movement of social reform. At its peak, in 1946, it had about 200,000 members; it had associated trade unions and three Ministers in the Cabinet. Yet, after the suppression of the Azerbaijan Democrats, Tudeh melted away and is to-day, after short periods of legality, no more than two thousand strong with one clandestine newspaper.

It never formulated a radical or revolutionary programme. It was a party with reformist policies, and its ranks included people of all classes, from poor peasants to merchants and aristocratic landlords. It was led by professors, doctors, technicians and a few workers. It sought to increase the peasant's share of the crop; to divide the State lands by selling them to peasants on mortgage; to establish genuine trade unions with a legal right to strike, and to improve the hours and wages of the workers; to secure honest elections and purge the administration of corruption; and to improve the health and educational services. In all, its programme was far less radical than *Let Us Face The Future*. At the worst moments of the war—it was formed after 1941, when the Allies occupied Iran and overthrew the twenty-year dictatorship of Reza Shah—it was the only source of popular propaganda for the Allies, while the ruling class was anti-British, anti-Russian, and strongly pro-German. Its counterpart in Azerbaijan, the Democratic Party (which was mainly led by influential landlords, and tribal chieftains) had a similar programme, but added demands for regional autonomy—provided for in the Iranian Constitution but never granted—and for the use, officially and in schools, of the local languages.

The support these popular movements enjoyed testifies to the urgent need for the elementary reforms they demanded. Yet they were ground to pieces. The West did not trust them—a suspicion that was heartily endorsed by the reactionary groups in Teheran upon whom the British and Americans depended heavily for advice. The Russians could not assist them without risk of war. When faced with a near-ultimatum in 1946, from Whitehall and Washington, Moscow abandoned the Azerbaijan Democrats to their fate, urging them not to resist Teheran by force, though their leaders were hung, their villages pillaged, their books in local languages were burnt in the streets and their social reforms all undone. The brief flirtation with popular democracy was over.

After many months of illegality, in which the Tudeh Party almost disintegrated, it again became legal, with little more than 3,000 members. Its trade unions had been suppressed. Then, in February, 1949, an attempt was made on the Shah's life. Though a Tudeh card was conveniently "found" on the body of the assassin, he was afterwards shown to be a Moslem fanatic. But the forged card was made the pretext for a new wave of arrests, the closure of most newspapers, and the establishment of military law and courts. Such Tudeh leaders as the police could find were brought to trial, not for the attempt on the Shah—a charge that had to be dropped—but for their activities in previous years in organising Tudeh, even when it was still legal.

By this time, no coherent opposition remained. But the international situation worsened, and coincidentally with the first days of the Korean conflict, the Government resigned without first facing a confidence vote in the Majlis, an unprecedented action. Field Marshal Razm-Ara, the Chief of the General Staff, was appointed by the Shah to form a Government, and within half an hour had presented his semi-military Cabinet, including, as chief of police, the notorious head of the Army's *Deuxieme Bureau*, General Daftari.

This pseudo *coup d'état*, as it is regarded in Iran, has placed a shrewd and capable officer in charge, better fitted to handle any crisis firmly than the average corrupt and inept politician who becomes Prime Minister of Iran. Yet the establishment of this military regime, by the intervention, it has been stated openly in the Majlis, of the British and the Americans, makes a crisis more likely. It has created widespread uneasiness, extending as far to the Right as the group of conservative constitutionalists who form, with eight deputies, the only opposition group in the Majlis. A correspondent, recently in Iran, has sent us a report of a speech on June 27, by their leader, Dr. Mossadek, who said:

> The interference of some foreign Powers in the internal affairs of this country will give rise to similar interference by certain other countries, who will support other figures. It will result, eventually, in the substitution of Red dictatorship for the present Black dictatorship, exactly in the same way as the Chinese policy gave rise to Red dictatorship.

The day before, Ayat-Ollah Kashani, one of the leading Moslem dignitaries, issued a proclamation asking all Moslems to resist the "dictatorship" of Razm-Ara:

> In accordance with the opinion of the Moslem community I am compelled to express my final and strongest opposition to any government which is brought into power against public opinion and with the instigation, help and support of foreign countries. I urge all people to resist this great disaster which threatens the Islamic and Iranian community.

This is the way in which even conservative opinion in Iran is being alienated. The question is always posed as if the choice lay between military and feudal reaction, on one side, and Communist dictatorship, leading to Iran's inclusion in the Soviet sphere, on the other. That choice, if it has to be made, is of the West's making, because it will have driven anyone who desires honest and reformist administration into the Soviet embrace. Once more, Britain and the United States can put off social upheaval for the time being by supporting the old regime, or can avoid it by ensuring that the reasonable and legitimate demands of the people are given a hearing. The first road leads to disaster. The second has not been tried in Iran. Popular government, coupled with economic reform, not tyranny joined to social reaction, is the strongest obstacle to the spread of Communism. Repression merely postpones the issue to a time when Communism has become the only alternative.

London Diary

WHY did Mr. Attlee recall Parliament for September 12? Not because he thought there was anything for Parliament to do that would not wait till October: the increase of Service pay and the two years conscription are accepted by both sides of the House. The actual job of getting rearmament in motion is now in the hands of the Departments. Mr. Attlee recalled Parliament because the Conservatives would otherwise have made party capital by demanding it. Mr. Churchill tried to trump his ace by demanding a still earlier meeting. The stage would then have been set for his own sensational proposals.

* * *

Touching Communism in China, the most remarkable tribute that I have seen in any responsible paper recently was a letter from Sir John Pratt in *The Times* of August 11th. Sir John was for many years in China and our Consul-General there; in the Foreign Office before the war, where he was a principal apolo-

gist for the policy of Lord Simon; and then Head of the Far East Section of the Ministry of Information. He began by stating that as long as Chiang Kai-shek was recognised on the United Nations he could only regard "the Charter as a sham." He then contrasted the "honest, purposeful and disciplined" methods of the new Government in China, and the discipline and decent behaviour of the Red Army with "the gangsters" round Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa who bomb and blockade Shanghai with arms and money supplied by America. Sir John Pratt's general impression of the behaviour of the Communists in China so far is borne out by a number of English and other European observers of the revolution in China and, perhaps most notably, by Mr. C. Patrick Fitzgerald, who is a Conservative in politics and outlook and one of the best-known modern sinologues. He was in Pekin before, during and after the Communist Revolution. Recently he gave the best account I have heard of the new China in a Third Programme broadcast. The fact that in Asia Communism is regarded as a liberating force intensifies the mockery of a B.B.C. announcement which the other day declared in one breath that the Americans had dropped so many hundred tons of bombs on Korean villagers and that Mr. Truman had promised Synghman Rhee to bring "freedom and independence" to the people of Korea!

* * *

Lord Vansittart, like Mr. Truman, is the victim of illusions. He probably really believes now that he did not write a book which painted a picture of a happy Europe continually preyed upon by a single inhuman and wicked Germany as a "butcher bird" preys on helpless songsters. I suggest that *Black Record* should be republished with historical second-thoughts by the author. There is no doubt that it played a part in preparing the public mind for that "unconditional surrender" which left Europe in such a helpless chaos. I still remember the bitterness with which Vansittart assailed me for suggesting that it might not be wise to destroy the whole industrial potential of the Ruhr and the Rhine, but I do not now see letters by him in *The Times* urging that this butcher bird's armoury should not be rebuilt. He has shifted his attention to Russia, where he differentiates between the common people and those who rule over them. I share his horror at their complete callousness about human life and liberty; their forced labour camps and "the knock at the door at 3 a.m." These do not, however, produce any notion of revolt in a country where there has never been civil liberty. In Czechoslovakia Communism involves a cruel and crippling suppression; in Asiatic Russia it means an increase in national freedom and prosperity. The distinction is important if we are to escape Communism everywhere. But Lord Vansittart cannot help in the struggle because he still thinks of good and bad nations—warblers and butcher birds, and understands nothing of the social revolution in which we are living. Some of us are trying to do what we can to make this revolution less bloody than the simple believers in the butcher bird myth would inevitably make it.

I only knew Ian Morrison from mutual friends and from reading his admirable despatches on the Far East. His heart was in Asia, and particularly in China, where his father had built a unique reputation. Ian Morrison was far and away the best informed of English correspondents in the Far East; indeed, it's hardly too much to say that he was the only regular British correspondent who understood the nature of the revolution that is sweeping over Asia. Christopher Buckley, who died in the same disaster, was also an admirable correspondent, whom I regarded with the respect due to a man who differs and knows why. He would come into this office from time to time bringing a letter of disagreement. He would stop and talk. He was an opponent of *N.A.T.O.* & *N.* policy after the war, particularly in Greece and in Poland. He knew his facts and had only decided to take the Conservative view after trying to understand the other side. The third to die on this tragic occasion was Captain Uni Nayar, whom I knew well in Delhi in 1948. He had a reputation for great courage. I knew him chiefly as the most helpful and efficient of Information Officers to whom I owed much when I paid a visit in 1948 to Kashmir.

* * *

Talking of Kashmir, I see that it seems at last openly admitted that the only possible alternative to war is some kind of division of the country. It is quite extraordinary how long it takes people whose nationalist feelings are aroused to face facts that cannot escape the observation of babes and sucklings. Let me quote my own experience. I arrived in Calcutta in January, 1948. One of the first people I met there was Richard Symonds, who had been in Kashmir and in Pakistan and Delhi. (Richard Symonds has since written a book called *The Making of Pakistan*, Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*, which contains many useful facts, but disappointed me by what seemed to be timid evasion of the real problems, including that of Kashmir). I learnt from him that there were at least four wars in Kashmir. A frontier war in Gilgit and the surrounding mountains; a genuine revolt of the people of Poonch against bad government; a war in Jammu, which had been occupied by the Indians and become completely Indianised; and a war for the Vale of Kashmir which would have been plundered and utterly ruined by the tribesmen had not India intervened. Since India would certainly not give up Jammu and the tribesmen could not be turned out of the mountains without years of frontier warfare, there seemed no conceivable solution except partition on a basis of something like the military *status quo*, with a plebiscite, perhaps, to settle the position of Sheik Abdullah in the Vale of Kashmir. Gandhi, with whom I discussed this three days before his death, angrily refused to accept this logic. Yet when I stayed in Jammu and visited the tiny Hindu garrison in Poonch I became even more sure that the logic of either partition or almost permanent war, was irrefutable. Certainly nothing that either the Indian or Pakistan leaders said refuted it. India's purely legal case for having the whole of Kashmir is not worthy of the ingenuity of clever men. Pakistan's claim to have the country because it contains a majority of Muslims is completely unacceptable. India, I understand, reached this realistic conclusion many months ago. Pakistan has still, I gather, to be persuaded.

* * *

The *Daily Express* explained on Tuesday that although it already has "the most comprehensive world news service" it has now "bought the exclusive rights in the news service of the *New York Times*." The idea, apparently, is that the *Daily Express* should have especially good coverage in all parts of the Far East, where again it already has a number of excellent correspondents of its own. This raises a very interesting question. My experience of *Express* foreign correspondents I've met abroad is that they are usually intelligent and frustrated men whose complaint is that they cannot rely on any but their less substantial news items finding their way into the paper. What is to happen now that the *Express* is also taking the vast news service of one of the largest papers? Even if all the duplication of an American paper were omitted, the *New York Times* news service would surely occupy more columns than the *Daily Express* would have at its disposal, even if it omitted all other news. The project appears to be a marriage of incompatibles. The *Express* is a paper of headlines and suggestion achieved by applying the advertiser's art to the news. The *New York Times* is solid and very long winded. If the new departure means that the *Express* will really use a substantial amount of the *New York Times'* news service some of the British public will be much better informed than it is at present. If not, then all that has happened is that the *Daily Express* will have received some more publicity.

* * *

Do the Gaumont-British newsreel producers realise the effect of their treatment of the war propaganda? This week, pictures of blazing Korean villages, American guns pumping shells into the distance and landscapes disintegrated under the onslaught of Flying Fortresses were accompanied by a commentary whose hearty gusto would have been suitable at a football match. I would commend to the Gaumont-British news editors the observations made on Wednesday by *The Times'* military correspondent that "the bombing of friendly territory is likely to have unpleasant repercussions if foreign observers conclude that it is excessive," and that "the moral factor, immensely important, can be forgotten only at great risk." Nor do the newsreels confine themselves to the slaughter of civilians in Korea. Pictures, this week, of British ships and other war material being "taken out of moth balls" were described as re-activation "after the long years of peace"! From the audience of which I made one there arose long, astonished and derisory whistles. One lady near me who, perhaps, had not found five years a long time in which to forget her husband, lover or son, said "I can't stand this," and walked out. She expressed, I think, the predominant sentiment in the audience. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. Rudolf Schwarz, the musical director and conductor of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, has decided to omit from all future programmes given at the Winter Gardens any music by Shostakovitch which, in his opinion, can be interpreted as propaganda for Communism.—*The Times.* (John Day.)

Ilkley is having one of the most successful Bank Holidays for years. Crowds have left a trail of litter on the riverside and moors.—*Bradford Telegraph.* (Mollie Comber.)

First-class Gent's Hairdresser wanted for American aerodrome—excellent tips—no Communists.—Advt. in *Hairdresser's Journal.* (J. A. Courcouf.)

Knee Drill, 8 a.m.; Holiness, 11 a.m.; Salvation, 6.45 p.m.—Selkirk Salvation Army Notice Board. (G. W. Dods.)

TWO GENERALS

General MacArthur, known as MacArthur the Great,
Lawgiver and high Panjandrum of Japan,
Exalted Oriental potentate
And yet one-hundred-per-cent American,
Assumed two roles of late.

Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations,
Commander-in-Chief of the armies of U.S.—
One General conducting all Far Eastern operations,
One General under directives from Lake Success,
Have taken up their stations.

In Tokio their headquarters are Allied,
With international Staff and personnel;
Resources by all Nations are supplied,
But with both Generals present, few can tell
By which they are occupied.

One General pledges the United States
To fight till all Asian Communists withdraw—
One General whom the Council delegates
To fight for justice and the rule of law
Seldom communicates.

One General new alliances invites,
And troops assembled for collective aid,
Are all, according to this General's lights,
Waging the anti-Communist crusade,
Classed as MacArthur's knights.

The joint Commander has joined hands with Chiang,
Involving the United Nations' force—
The Chief of Police eggs on the bandit gang—
The Nations' champion urges in due course,
War for the Kuomintang.

Confidence in command should be entire,
So for the common safety, one at least—
If not the two—should gracefully retire,
Before the Great MacArthur sets the East
And all the world on fire.

SAGITTARIUS

"Casuals"

These are the days when bookstalls and newsagents quickly sell out their supplies of this journal. Because "casual" sales shoot up it is more than ever necessary for regular readers to place a definite order with their newsagent, or to become direct postal subscribers. Particulars on page 212.

Remember the Rhine!

While there is talk there's hope. Ever since Mr. Malik returned to the Security Council, there has been a marked feeling of *détente* in Paris, and the panic buying of sugar, flour, and gold coins has slowed down. "If, in spite of it all, the Russians are staying on in the Security Council, and don't seem to mind even the presence of Chiang's representative, then they *can't* want a world war. *On finira par s'arranger.*" So the optimists say. This does not mean that others aren't suspecting the Russians of the blackest villainy. What, one commentator wrote, if the Russians were staying on simply in order to use the veto when the occasion arises—for instance, if and when Mao launches his attack on Formosa?

French opinion has been profoundly preoccupied with these and many other questions—and not least with reference to France's own future. There has been no end of head-scratching, heart-searching, and philosophising. First, about Korea. *Dynamisme, mystique*—these are two words which have been repeated, over and over again, in any discussions on Korea. The North Koreans have got both *mystique* and *dynamisme*. In other words, they have guts, and they have faith—qualities in which the South Koreans have been found completely lacking. The Revolt of Asia, personified by the fiendish little devils of North Korea, has become in the minds of many something so huge and terrifying that the last thing in the world America should do is to get deeply involved in Asia. "If the U.S. were to become entangled in a war with China, there would never be an end to it, and the strategic positions of Western Europe and its solidarity with the U.S.A. would be hopelessly weakened, much to the joy of Moscow." This is not only a French reaction, and the fact that writers like Mr. Lippmann have favoured a diplomatic, rather than a military settlement of the Korean affair has greatly reassured those Frenchmen who were afraid of being branded defeatists if they said so themselves.

Right-wingers, passionately anti-Soviet, will tell you privately that Korea has been a lost cause ever since China was allowed to "go to the dogs." Nor do they think there is much point in trying to mesmerise the corpse of Chiang Kai-shek. Altogether, they will say, the real trouble is that there isn't, and never has been a united Anglo-Franco-American policy in the Far East; to-day the French are not willing to do more than take care of Indo-China; the British would like to make friends with Mao and keep Hong-Kong, while the Americans are now embarking on a grandiose Far Eastern policy which is causing a headache not only to the British and French Far Eastern experts, but also to those who, just as in 1941, urged the United States to concentrate their war effort in Europe and not in the Pacific.

Whether the American forces in Korea hold their bridgehead or not, even pro-American opinion holds that it would be best to negotiate a Korean settlement, and not to try to reconquer Southern Korea. This could not be done without the complete devastation of the country and the killing of many thousands of civilians, all of which might irretrievably cement Soviet-Asiatic solidarity, and make it spread to India and beyond. All this, it is argued, would help Moscow in its design to turn this "American Age" into the "Asiatic Age." And if one reads the Russian press and follows Russian affairs, one soon finds that the whole emphasis to-day is not on the "solidarity" of Poland or Rumania, but on a kind of pan-Asiatic *mystique* which is giving Russia to-day an infinitely greater feeling of strength and self-confidence than the uncertain friendships of Central Europe.

After all, in terms of manpower and a highly de-centralised industry, Russia is not fatally vulnerable even to atom bombs, and Russia-plus-Asia scarcely vulnerable at all, unless, of course, the next war is not confined to "mere" atom bombs, but becomes a process of mutual and universal extermination by every conceivable and inconceivable means. As for Russian atom bombs, it is reasonable to deduct from the whole tone of Soviet propaganda that these will be reserved *only* for America, which will be represented as the tyrant of *all* other nations! This would also fit in with the Soviet policy of isolating America by every possible means, and this proclaimed immunity of all nations, other than the United States, against atom bombing might well prove a powerful weapon in the case of the less wholehearted.

However, the atom bomb is not really France's immediate concern to-day, despite the intense Communist-sponsored propaganda for the Stockholm petition. Its great success in France (11 million signatures, it is claimed) is a typical French phenomenon, which arises from an instinctive feeling that France has fought a hundred wars, and lost fifty, and is still going strong, but that with an atom war there is no further guarantee of national survival. A more immediate concern is not to see the Far Eastern war spread, and not to see America involved in a war with China. French commentators still look to Britain (or India) for some kind of mediation. As Pertinax says:

> The liquidation of the Chiang Kai-shek regime, agreement on a statute of autonomy for Formosa under U.N. supervision, and the admission of Communist China to U.N.—these three measures provide the only peaceful solution I can see. They would also open the way to a peaceful settlement in Korea.

The desire to see American activity in the Far East quieten down is also dictated by the fear, entertained by some, of seeing America being forced to treat Western Europe as a second-class security zone. But on this question of Western defence French ideas and feelings are very complex. That *enfant terrible*, M. Servan Schreiber, has, in the *Monde*, put forward the view that not only are the vast majority of French people "neutralist" by temperament, but that the French Government, despite all its lip-service to the Atlantic Pact and the rest, is "neutralist," too. He (M. Schreiber) is not neutralist, and would like, not a European, but a solid Atlantic Bloc to be formed—a real Federation, in which France would have roughly the same status

as—Hawaii. Which has, of course, made people laugh and has made them talk about Paris being called Waikiki-sur-Seine and all the French playing ukeleles and wearing banana leaves. But the Waikiki-sur-Seine idea is not really as far-fetched as all that. It reflects a fear of seeing the Americans (a) treating France as only a first-line of defence, with the real frontier of the Western world starting on the Channel and the Pyrences and (b) not sharing with France to the full both her military and economic resources. Finally, there is a fear that France will be asked to contribute more than her share—especially in terms of cannon-fodder. The old cry of 1940 "*Où sont les Anglais?*" (or rather, *les Américains*) can be read between the lines of not only many press comments but even of official utterances. And then, as in England, there is a good deal of reluctance still to give up what little butter there is for guns.

The French memorandum to Mr. Truman "proposing" to spend the colossal sum of £2,000 millions over a period of three years, over and above the regular defence budget (recently increased to over £500,000,000 a year), and for the main purpose of heavily equipping fifteen new French divisions does not in itself mean that France has decided to enter an era of Spartan austerity and of super-rearmament. The "offer" to America is largely conditional. The memorandum clearly suggests that France cannot sacrifice all her butter for guns, and that the new expenditure must form part of a general Atlantic programme of joint financing and military co-ordination and the pooling of economic resources—which means, in effect, that America will have to pay a good share of the £2,000 million—and that, in fact, this super-programme will, militarily, be meaningless unless these fifteen new French divisions—in addition to France's present meagre land forces—form part of a great Atlantic land force.

Critics of the Government like Claude Bourdet dismiss the French memorandum as "eye-wash" and "a swindle," merely calculated to keep France in Uncle Sam's good books, and to assure a further flow of Marshall Aid. But this seems an over-simplification of what is in reality a fundamental French problem. M. Moch's speech to the Senate shortly before the publication of the memorandum clearly suggested what the French Government really wants. It is ready to make big financial sacrifices provided America and Britain adequately help in the creation of a mighty Elbe-Rhine force. This, he said," must be France's constant preoccupation." And he added: "Our Allies must understand that if we have to make the maximum effort, they must do likewise. There can be no question of having a force composed of French infantry, British ships and American planes." In short, the French were not going to do all the dirty work, as they did in 1939-40. The Rhine, in other words, was not France's frontier any more than it was England's and America's. Or, to put it even more bluntly, without *very large* British and American forces—larger perhaps than the French forces—on the Rhine, the French would not be able to defend it. The enthusiasm of belonging to the great Atlantic Bloc is somewhat tempered by the fear of being let down as a result of higher priority claims, and by the dread of occupation and—liberation, with little to choose between them.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, August 14th.

Trawlers in Trouble

III.—Steps Towards a Solution.

THE immediate plight of the white fish industry is being tided over by the present temporary subsidy of tenpence per stone payable on fish landed by small vessels of 70ft. and under, while payments on a graded scale to Near and Middle Water trawlers between 70ft. and 140ft. in length are designed to make good in part the losses incurred on unlucky trips. The in-shore fishermen, whose average weekly share in the takings rarely exceeds 70s., are pleased; but this is a declining and, to-day, economically unimportant, section of the industry. The current costs of building and fitting out a 30ft. boat—say £3,000, against under £800 in pre-war days—are now disproportionate to its potential earning power; on the usual basis of five shares, two for the boat and one each for the skipper and two hands, a new craft would not earn its keep. Badly organised for marketing, these fishermen are also up against the dwindling size of in-shore fish; and, were it not for a little "fiddling" with pensions and unemployment insurance, they would be in sorry case.

It is with the rationalisation of the main "commercialised" part of the industry, in which vessels make trips of anything from one to three weeks away from port, that the regulating and organising Authority which the Government has promised to set up will have to deal. The difficulties, as Mr. Attlee observed when he announced the subsidy, are "basic and complex." In all probability, the steps towards a solution will have to be taken along two lines, of which the first lies in the field of international negotiation. It was recently estimated by O.E.E.C. that, in two years time, its member nations would have a fishing capacity two-fifths as great again as in 1938, and that, on the most optimistic estimates of future consumption, Western Europe would have a surplus of white fish amounting annually to 200,000 tons. The Arctic grounds are being trawled more and more heavily by French and Scandinavian vessels, while Germany, forbidden under the Armistice terms to build trawlers above a stated tonnage, is now—thanks to this "ill wind"—operating a growing fleet of economical 140ft. trawlers which have a good chance of driving the costlier Hull leviathans off the sea. In Near Waters, the Dutch and the Danes are assiduously scraping every corner; Danish boxed plaice of fine quality, under-cutting British landings by frequently as much as 3s. per stone at Billingsgate, is a sore point at Lowestoft and Grimsby.

Clearly efforts must be made to renew, with greater success, the efforts made before the war to reach an international agreement in Western Europe, both on the volume of landings and the size of mesh. Beside being unpopular with the wholesale merchants and possibly unfair to the consumer, a British ban on imports would be in defiance of the Havana Charter; but there is a strong feeling in the fishing industry that the Government might reasonably state that imports of fish would only be permitted from countries signatory to a "minimum size of mesh" agreement.

Domestically, the conclusion stares the inquirer in the face that, if trip costs are irreducible and the already reluctant consumer cannot be asked to pay higher retail prices, it is imperative to do something both to reduce the amount which is added to the price of fish between the quay and the consumer—whether he buys off the fishmonger's slab or off the fried-fish counter—and also to improve the quality of the fish obtainable at retail. The present system of distribution of fish is a dirty, costly anachronism. Port wholesalers (1,700-1,800 in 1938) inland wholesalers (1,500) and retail fishmongers (12,000) succeed between them in doubling the cost of fish on its journey from port to frying-pan. In some cases fish passes through three or more pairs of hands before it reaches the shop. Packed in wooden and invariably unclean boxes, fish is transported slowly by rail on journeys in which careless and frequent handling in and out of wagons without refrigeration causes ice to melt quickly, with the result that fish, particularly if boxes are up-ended, loses its "tight pack" and suffers damage. Add to this that many friers profiteer, and that the post-war fishmonger—his enthusiasm for additional turnover blunted by high taxation—has often little interest in selling fish of high quality: the defects of the present distributive system become doubly apparent.

The projected Authority will have before it the recommendations of the pre-war Duncan Report, the most important of which were that a Marketing Board should restrict by a licensing system the excessive number of (frequently very small) wholesalers, and enforce more reliable standards of grading and quality. Something might doubtless be done on these lines, but it is doubtful if this would really get to the root of the problem how distribution costs are to be cut and the palatibility of fish improved. While at Lowestoft, I was favourably impressed by an experiment now being tried by a small company set up as a subsidiary by a firm of trawler managers. This company, Explorator Ltd., is, in effect, endeavouring to cut out the port wholesaler. Fish bought on the quay is packed in metal containers which are carried on racks in insulated diesel lorries to an inland distributing point from which they are delivered, on receipt of orders, to retailers in the area at present served. It is claimed that by this method, which results in fish being on sale in the shop within twenty-four hours of landing, not merely is quality improved but costs are substantially reduced. Notably, there is great saving through the elimination of the expenditure normally incurred by port wholesalers in telegrams and long-distance telephone calls, "on spec.," to retailers inland. In the comparatively small port of Lowestoft alone, it is estimated that 70 registered wholesalers, of whom only 28 buy more than a £100's worth of fish a week, spend between

£50,000 and £100,000 a year on "selling."

It may be that this experiment with Lowestoft's "table fish" would be difficult to apply to the coarse fish landed in vast bulk at Hull; and it is clear that if monopoly conditions were allowed to grow up in port buying, distribution on "Explorator" lines would have to be put on a co-operative basis in fairness to the trawlers. The Authority, moreover, will probably want to investigate the possibility of improving quality by having catches, at any rate of some fish, boxed at sea—a system which would involve, of course, the cost of modifying present fish rooms. I suggest, however, that, in principle, it is quite absurd that fish should travel from the ports to a small number of inland markets, such as Billingsgate and others functioning at a few large provincial cities, and then be carried for long distances to shops. If first-hand sales were deferred until the fish reached a central distributing point, and if such points were multiplied to an extent enabling subsequent distribution to retailers within a comparatively small area to be rapidly effected, there might be a better chance of the public being persuaded to eat more fish because it was genuinely appetising and sold at prices less glaringly disproportionate to those ruling at port auctions.

Here, in fact, lies the crux of the problem that has to be solved. If the consumer is to be made once again fish-minded after the "scunner" he has at present got against stale, tasteless fish, the fishing industry will have to set its house in order. It is not an industry which, by any stretch of imagination, could be described as ripe for socialisation: from trawler-hand to fish-fryer it is far too individualistic for such a solution at present. I do not think, either, that much would be gained by schemes of "integration," either laterally or vertically, of ownership—though the Minister of Agriculture is said in the ports to be toying with such ideas. Nor do I feel that the industry would gain much by a collective "Eat More Fish" advertising campaign, though it certainly stands in need of a good director of public relations if the inland consumer is to appreciate and sympathise with its problems. What is needed, apart from international agreement to stop over-fishing is a distribution system which cuts out dirt, delays and waste. If the Authority can achieve that, it will have done well for the fishermen; and they deserve that the job should be done for them.

AYLMER VALLANCE

So They Say . . .

MORE fascinating, perhaps, than the pre-natal stoicism with which the crowds outside Clarence House awaited the great event over the week-end was the apparent determination of the popular press to chronicle their every move. Even the *Manchester Guardian* on Saturday and Monday led off its London column with chatty descriptive pieces—including one ironic line: "Each new arrival seemed slightly shocked, indeed, to find anyone else there at all. 'Aren't they nosey, honestly?' said one young woman in a loud voice."

The Kemsley press, in particular, loyally cleared its decks for the big story. Treatments ranged from the *Daily Graphic's* nine pictures on Saturday to the *Sunday Chronicle's* leader page article, A SYMBOL OF OUR UNITY. The *Chronicle* also announced NAMES PICKED FOR PRINCESS'S NEW BABY, and gave them; but on Monday the *Daily Mail* still maintained that "the baby's names will be a secret, even in Court circles, until nearly a month after the birth."

By Monday, also, the *News Chronicle* had decided that the crowd's motive "was clearly not mere curiosity. There were many mothers there, bringing their own children to give them something to remember when they are older. The birth of a royal baby was to them a needed symbol of national stability in an uncertain world." The *Daily Herald*, however, stolidly sent a reporter to ask people what they were doing there at all.

But no paper rallied round with more enthusiasm than the *Sunday Pictorial*. After awarding its weekly bouquet (ORCHIDS TO THE ROYAL MOTHER), it produced a royal horoscope by Constance Sharpe ("Have Fun With The Stars"), which ran, briefly:

> Today or tomorrow . . . will champion individual liberty. Tuesday . . . grave and serious. Wednesday . . . fond of travel. Thursday . . . spiritual nature. Friday . . . flashes of genius. Saturday . . . will visit foreign lands.

Alice Through the Spotlight

Star, August 10:—

> BEVIN SAYS: "I'M READY TO QUIT."
>
> Cabinet changes can be expected shortly. Mr. Attlee is considering how he can strengthen his government, and three of his senior ministers have suggested that they wish to retire. They are Lord Addison . . . Lord Hall . . . and Mr. Bevin, Foreign Secretary, whose health has forced him to suggest his resignation . . . .

News Chronicle, August 11:—

> *A. J. Cummings:* The announcements in last night's *Star* . . . have caused considerable surprise in the public mind . . . In the case of Mr. Bevin, who has returned to duty in much better health, it is good news that he has no intention of retiring . . .

Headline of the Week

Daily Mail, August 14:—

> TIBET, GETTING READY, INSPECTS YAKS.

AUTOLYCUS

In Hungary

[The author of this article, now an exile in London, was Social-Democrat Secretary of State for Finance in the Hungarian Government, 1945-1948].

A FIGHT for higher efficiency of industrial labour is raging all over the People's Democracies, and has become, in fact, the dominant issue of economic and political life. It forms the background of the man-hunt in Hungary recently waged against former Socialist leaders. The Five-Year Plan—for Hungary the second plan in succession—set high targets for productivity. During the second phase of the Three-Year Plan (completed at the end of 1949) great attempts were made to reduce labour costs by raising efficiency. Piece-work was introduced on an increasing scale, standard norms were reviewed and, as a new device at least for workers in Hungary, Soviet methods of work competition and Stakhanovism were adopted. All these efforts scored but poor success. The effects of low labour productivity could still be compensated by drawing on labour reserves; and overall output continued to rise. These idle reserves, however, are now dwindling.

The workers' environment in the factories underwent, in the meantime, fundamental changes. During the years 1945–47 the workers witnessed, full of hope, the dawn of democracy. The strengthened position of the trade unions was one of the pillars of this new phase of political development. Soon after the disruption of the Social-Democratic Party and the virtual establishment of a one-party system in the spring of 1948, methods reminiscent of totalitarian rule have been introduced in industry. They involved a regroupment of forces with momentous repercussions on the trade unions and the position of the individual worker. Trade unions have been reorganised and converted into Government agencies. Their officials were no more depositories of the confidence of the workpeople. They were delegated in practice, though not formally, from "above"; so were the factory party secretaries. The main task of all these officials became the guaranteeing of factory discipline, to watch over the norms and, last but not least, to organise work competition.

The men who were prepared to accept these jobs under the new conditions had, as a rule, no roots in the workers' movement. A new lower party and trade union bureaucracy had to be recruited from elements regarded with contempt by trade unionists of long standing. Stakhanovites met with similar contempt. They were considered as traitors who lent a hand to force up working norms, while being given specially favourable working conditions. Thus the bulk of the skilled workers forming the kernel of the trade union movement did not really co-operate. They were the less willing to comply as the prevailing wage system favoured, in view of the shortage of skilled labour, semi-skilled workers who went through an abridged period of apprenticeship. Moreover, judging by the reports that reach me, the workers suffer under a relentless political pressure which they resent strongly; some of them even term it a new form of ruthless exploitation. Worst of all, this feeling infects in many cases the entire personnel in the workshops and even—as Mr. Gerö, the Minister for Economic Co-ordination, himself complained—members of the party bureaucracy.

The menace of this general workers' resistance, not in action but in attitude, constitutes a great danger for the execution of the Plan. Mr. Gerö made a strong point of this in a speech he recently delivered in the Central Committee. He reproached the workers with unfair practices in regard to the norms which resulted in wage increases without a corresponding rise in productivity. As stated by the chief planner, this is bound to upset the balance of the economy and frustrate achievements necessary for carrying out the Plan. Socialist sabotage played, according to Mr. Gerö, a decisive part in all this mischief. Somewhat later Mr. Rákosi took up the thread,

setting the tone for a number of other meetings and for the press. He became explicit about action to be taken against Socialists; he declared bluntly that these traitors within the ranks of the workers must be dealt with.

Communist plan targets usually are regarded as minimum programmes which should be surpassed to inspire greater efforts and for demonstrating the efficiency of Communist administration. Lagging behind the Plan is, therefore, a matter of serious concern, the more so in the present period of international tension; for the industrialisation envisaged by the Hungarian Five-Year Plan obviously represents to a considerable extent an increase in the country's armaments potential. Moscow might indeed argue that the Communist regime's grip of the country was not tight enough. Should anybody in Hungary, however, lack the insight to grasp the urgency of increased efforts, Communist propaganda provides for a right training in international politics. Hungarians could best aid the heroically fighting Korean people by firmly standing their ground in work and by fighting continuously to raise productivity. Furthermore, as "Right-Wing" Social-Democrats sabotage production, it is maintained that the Korean people can be helped the most efficaciously by unmasking ruthlessly the Socialists who, together with clerical reaction, are the worst enemy of the working class and of peace.

So far so good. But it must be maddening for Communist leaders to feel that after the "unification" of the working class and the application of all possible devices of pressure and propaganda their influence is being halted at a decisive point. They fail to dictate the pace in the factories! And those grudging trade unionists of the old type with whom the main resistance is suspected are exactly the men who had a Socialist education. This naturally involves devotion to democratic ideas, the Social-Democratic Party with its 80 years' record of activity having been the only mass organisation in Hungary which cherished genuine democracy in its doctrine and its practice.

It would be wrong to suggest that anything like organised resistance had been staged or even planned against the present rulers of Hungary. It is an attitude against which the Communists try to fight; they are angry at the ineffectiveness of their drive for higher productivity. But the struggle for the success of the Plan is only one side of the story. On the political plane the intention is simultaneously to bring Socialist policy of the last decades into the dock. Even the faintest hope of resurrection at some juncture must be ruled out. To that end men and women who had some importance in the Socialist movement, not only those who were at the top, but also people once active as local leaders either in the party or in the trade unions are being rounded up. With very few exceptions such formerly leading personalities have, of course, been deprived of any important function. It seems now, however, that they face a greater ordeal, and that a monster-trial may be in preparation. In any case mass arrests are a fact—one that has not been mentioned yet in the Hungarian press.

The method of psychological disintegration is being applied also in the factories. Terror is being spread by picking out workers as saboteurs at a number of places. They are then outlawed or, as the official jargon runs, they are brought first before a disciplinary tribunal and subsequently handed over to a criminal court.

It seems clear that the Communists themselves are in a precarious position. They have to fight the peasants who strongly defy the idea of the kolkhos which, in the Communists' mind, represents the only possible way of developing agriculture. They must distrust the Catholic Church even if some sort of uneasy truce might result from recent negotiations with the Bishops' Bench. Finally the working class has to be castigated, as it fails to develop the zeal required for carrying out the Five-Year Plan. If even industrial workers in whose interests the Communists pretend to have seized power are reluctant to respond to their urgent call and feel that they are ruthlessly exploited, what else could be the basis of the present regime in Hungary but naked force?

GEORGE KEMÉNY

Hollywood and Mr. Wilson

AFTER many weeks of deadlock verging on breakdown, the Anglo-American film talks ended in an agreement more favourable to Hollywood than the last. This is not surprising, for Mr. Harold Wilson, having no film policy to stand on, had a weak case to argue. Besides, he had no trump card in his hand this time as he had two years ago when the quota had still to be fixed. In 1948, Hollywood feared an expansion of the British film-producing industry, and fully expected to be squeezed by a rising quota. But no sooner had the optimistic Mr. Wilson raised the British quota from 25 to 45 per cent. when it became obvious that we could not expand the volume of our production without sacrificing quality. There were simply not enough producers or directors in England with the talent, experience and taste to give us between eighty and ninety good "first feature" films a year. Mr. Wilson's bluff was called, in effect, by the British public, who stayed away from the cinemas rather than pay to see bad British films. So the quota had to be reduced (in two stages) to 30 per cent.; and when the recent negotiations were started for the renewal of the old agreement which expired on June 14, both sides knew perfectly well that the British film-producing industry no longer constituted any threat to Hollywood. It was, in fact, being kept alive with Government money.

All that Mr. Wilson could plead was that we were still very short of dollars. Even so, he could not argue honestly that we could only afford to spend, say, $12 millions on film imports against the $17 millions permitted under the old agreement, and that if the Americans refused to send us more than $12 millions' worth, as they were entitled to do, we would just have to do without and, if necessary, shorten the hours of opening at our cinemas. Mr. Wilson knew well enough that Mr. Tom O'Brien's union (N.A.T.K.E.) would object very strongly to such a strightforward stand upon austerity, and that his own Party would hardly support the creation of unemployment among cinema employees. So he had to resort to the old subterfuge that, although we could only afford to pay for $12 millions' worth of American films, we expected the Americans to send us $40 millions' worth and to agree to leave the difference blocked in sterling unless spent in the permitted sterling ways. He also suggested that, if the Americans spent less on film production in British studios than they had done in the past two years, the difference should be deducted from the remittable amount as a sort of fine, and that if they spent more it might be added as a bonus.

The Americans pointed out, first, that as the sterling area had secured a surplus of $220 millions in its current dollar account in the first six months of this year, we could not pretend that we were as short of dollars as we were in 1948 and therefore could not fairly reduce the remittable amount from $17 millions to $12 millions a year. This Mr. Wilson conceded after hard bargaining. Secondly, they argued that they could not force their members to produce films in England if they did not feel capable of doing so. (It transpired that no American film company had actually made films in British studios in the past two years just because its sterling had been blocked.) Mr. Wilson conceded this point to the extent of dropping the fine; but, as the Americans were not willing to sign a new agreement which put them in a worse position than they were under the old agreement, he held to the bonus as a way out. He agreed to allow the remittable amount to be increased from $17 millions to $21 millions by means of a two-way bonus calculated as a percentage not only on the amount of money spent on making films in British studios but also on the amount of money earned on the marketing of British films in America. The method of calculation has not yet been worked out and may present some difficulty, but it is a great improvement to have the marketing bonus given directly to the individual American company as an incentive. Under the old agreement the dollar earnings of British films had gone into a pool from which the American companies had drawn not according to their marketing efforts but according to their respective shares in the British trade.

The British film producing industry, as everyone knows, is in a sorry mess, and this new Anglo-American agreement which runs for one year only from October 1st does nothing to improve its condition. It may be something to limit our dollar remittances on films to $21 millions. Fortunately for the Treasury, American film earnings in Great Britain have fallen over the two years of the old agreement to $40 millions a year; and, after making the permitted dollar remittances Hollywood companies spent about £9,500,000 in the permitted sterling uses. Thus, only £1,700,000 was unspent and blocked at June 14 last. The Treasury may think it wise to try to reduce this blocking, but is it right to encourage American companies to spend more on pro-

duction in British studios by means of a dollar bonus scheme? This is using precious dollars for the express purpose of giving employment to out-of-work British studio technicians. Would they be better employed in the electrical trades which make goods for export to America, that is, in earning dollars instead of using them?

No one wants to see the British film-producing industry snuffed out of existence, but it is absurd to have one that involves a waste of public funds and a wasteful employment of labour. It is equally absurd to try to keep even a small producing industry in being through the haphazard loans of the National Film Finance Corporation. That Board has revealed that it is incapable of discriminating between good producers and bad; for, outside its £3 millions loan to the British Lion group it has financed films of "second feature quality" which have lowered British film prestige. There is only one way in which the Government can maintain in being a "quality" production of British films and that is by issuing direct contracts to our top film producers to make specific films with 100 per cent Government finance. An advisory Committee could quickly draw up a list of six producers worthy of that support. And the box office subsidy recently agreed to by Government and trade should be diverted to the finance of these select "contract" films. This would be money well spent.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

Unfair to Trams

IT may seem curious to the average strap-hanger that hundreds and thousands of people can be passionately aroused by such unromantic and cumbersome a thing as a tram. Yet all over the world there are tram-lovers; not only little boys who collect the numbers, and can identify trams by their individual noises, but fully grown men and women who have a fine discrimination of the modern tramway. There is always, of course, the lunatic fringe; in New York there is the club where ardent tram enthusiasts—mostly prosperous business gentlemen—get together on Sundays and take it in turns to drive trams around town, and swap photographs of the most desirable streetcars. Then there is the lumber salesman from Kansas City, who, for his wife's fortieth birthday, leased a streetcar and took her and 41 guests on a ride around the city. And these antics are not, by any means, confined to the rich. In Chicago, the other day, the police found an 83-year-old retired motorman completely exhausted and ill; in his pockets were a bundle of notes showing that he had been for a two-and-a-half-day tram spree.

But these and similar cranks are frowned upon by the organised tram-lover, who fears that they rather lower the tone of the Movement in general. For there is a Movement, a very strong Movement, particularly in London, to put bigger and better and more beautiful trams back on the road. About thirteen years ago some true tram-lovers clubbed together and, following the example of like-minded persons in other countries, formed the Light Railway Transport League. Their public-spirited aim is to "advocate wherever possible the retention, improvement and extension of tramways." The League has affiliated societies all over the world —Central Electric Railfans' Association of the U.S.A.; *L'Association Belge des Amis des Chemins de Fer*, and the same again for France. Australian, New Zealand, Dutch and Irish societies are among others which support the altruistic, justice-loving tram enthusiasts. For it is the love of justice and a special appreciation of the physical beauty of the modern streamlined tram, in all its shining glory, which makes a tram-lover a tram-lover. And the Chairman of the League confesses that he himself joined originally because "*I believe in trams from a sense of justice. I believe in fair play to the public as a whole. Trams are my whole life.*"

Membership of the League, apparently, runs into thousands, and is increasing. All the men who work on the tramways almost automatically support the League, but membership also includes two managers of bus and trolleybus firms, other transport employees right down the scale to cleaners, a professor of economics at the Glasgow University, doctors, lawyers and a large number of the general tram-riding, or would-be tram-riding public. The League's president, Mr. Walter Luff, happens to be, in his working time, the General Manager of the Blackpool Corporation Transport Department. Members do not merely pay their subscriptions and receive their pamphlets regularly; they attend meetings all over the country, purchase antique trams against the day when the League can afford a museum, have photographic exhibitions and organise special tramway tours. For example, *Birmingham Area members are invited to meet the South Wales Members at 2 p.m. at Martineau Street, for car riding.*

The League has an Annual Convention, this year to be held in Sunderland, and in September it is planning a Continental tour, the highlight of which will be five full days spent in the area of the Rhine-Ruhr tramway network. Visits will include the Wuppertal suspension railway and the inter-urbans of the Lower Rhine.

The Modern Tramway carries announcements of these social activities, as well as publishing articles of domestic and international interest. News filters through even from behind the Iron Curtain. Entirely new tramway systems are reported to have been built since the war in the Russian towns of Irkutsk, Kasan, Kolomea and Samarkand, while from the Bohemian towns of Jablonec and Liberec comes this statement, which shows that the tram, too, can become a Stakhanovite:—

> . . . tramways are the cheapest form of passenger transport, and since only two trams are required for every three trolleybuses, and the trams use 50 per cent. less electricity than the trolleybuses, the tram fares will be less, and this will cause an increase in traffic. . . .
>
> (*Straz Zeveru*, 6 Jan., 1950)

There are a hundred and one technical reasons why trams are better in certain cases than other forms of transport, but the main argument is that trams are more solid, safer and suitable for the heaviest load of people. Trams can be loaded up during rush-hour peaks without undue damage, and even trailer cars can be added. The anti-tram-lover immediately thinks of the Continental trams packed to breaking point, with people oozing out of the windows and half-swinging off the steps; but it is assumed that the English, traditionally, would be moderate. And the League's chief concern is for cheap and efficient transport.

One of the League's greatest headaches is the fickleness of the London Passenger Transport Board. For a short while before the war, trams were definitely in favour, and new tracks were built. Then policy was reversed and these lines were scrapped (the metal was sold to Germany and came back as bombs, says one cynical tramster). For the 1951 Exhibition, a special tramway is being constructed but, against the League's advice and hopes, this will again be scrapped and discarded after its short life. "*We have even offered London a brand new Blackpool tram, with silent rubber wheels,*" says the Chairman of the League, and, in a letter to the L.P.T.B., continues, "*We believe that Londoners should have a voice in their choice of street vehicles. . . . Since it would cost you nothing to make this experiment, we fail to see why public opinion should not be tested. . . .*" But London Transport politely and firmly decline the offer.

This is particularly frustrating to the League, who are longing for the opportunity to demonstrate to Londoners that trams need not be ugly, noisy vehicles, but things of beauty, gliding smoothly along on rubber-padded wheels, and offering peaceful travelling on amply-upholstered seats, without any of those "cancer-producing smells from the exhaust." Trams can be so silent that they can be dangerous, and in America certain types of modern trams have been dubbed the "Glideaway." Yet taste differs. Athenians, when offered such silent trams, refused them in disgust because they had come to love the noisy old streetcars which their thrifty fathers had purchased at third-hand.

When confronted with the obvious argument that trams are a nuisance to the motorist and dangerous with their middle-of-the-road stopping, tram defenders wearily and lengthily explain that half of the people who get off buses want to cross the road anyway, and they usually go round the front of the bus, which is highly dangerous. They then prove, statistically, that where there are trams—Brussels for instance—there is the lowest accident rate. In fact, there is no argument against trams which cannot, somehow, be explained away. There seem to be so many valid reasons in favour of the tramway that one begins to wonder why it is that there are still people who do not love the tram.

Tram-lovers can be compared to vegetarians. Some vegetarians like eggs and fish; some tram-lovers like trolleybuses. The League, being a fair-minded body, say they would not deny a place to the trolleybus for certain types of service, but they stress that the trolley is essentially a *road* vehicle and has none of the distinctive advantages of the tram, *e.g.*, the economy, reliability, and added safety of *rail* traction. Could the League ever wake up the indifferent, queue-forming public to a passion for trams, or what the League considers to be "public justice"? Time and London Transport will, undoubtedly, tell.

CHARLOTTE LESSING

The Arts and Entertainment

CAPTAIN CARVALLO

As a theatrical manager, Sir Laurence Olivier displays many of the same qualities that we enjoy in his acting. He is bold, adventurous, daring; he doesn't play for safety. *Daphne Laureola*, *Venus Observed*, and now *Captain Carvallo*—none of them is a play cut to the familiar West-End success pattern. All—this new one, too—are distinguished by wit, intelligence, a lively feeling for language and an attempt to develop, or at least to use, its resources fully. They are the young supplanters of the poor, old, tired-out, realistic drama. It is no doubt less a conscious or ideological dramatic theory that has animated Sir Laurence in his choice than the determination to find plays that give the actors something to say as well as something to do. Lucky for the theatre then, and for potential playwrights, that Sir Laurence is in a position to back his choice.

Captain Carvallo, a new play by a new playwright, Mr. Denis Cannan, is a perfectly delightful, highly diverting comedy, which flows along on a steady ripple of smile and chuckle, interrupted only by periodic loud laughs. It is comedy nearer to Anouilh than to Rattigan, but more Irish than French. It is not in the least Shavian, but it couldn't have happened, any more than Bridie's could have, without Shaw. The author calls it "traditional" which I take to be a way of reminding us that there is a theatrical tradition earlier than the Maugham-Priestley-Coward-Dodie Smith tradition—a tradition of fantasy and wit which we are now picking up again. The fun in this play derives centrally from devising a set of incongruities of character and situation rather as farce does, but treating them as farce usually doesn't, wittily in the writing as well.

Behind the lines of an unspecified occupied territory, a lay preacher and his handsome wife inhabit a farm. The lay preacher, we hear at the opening, is a partisan, expected back at any moment from a dangerous mission. Instead of him, but in his clothes, arrives a second partisan—a professor of biology in civil life. For technical reasons he and the lay preacher have had to swap assignments and clothes, too. The professor is a militant atheist, and a militant bachelor, and when an enemy officer, Captain Carvallo, arrives to commandeer a billet for himself at the farm, this atheist bachelor has to play the double role of a lay preacher-husband, and is singularly inefficient in both. That is the kind of situation Mr. Cannan devises, and he manages to develop a new incongruity out of each one he sets off. Captain Carvallo is a philanderer and a romantic. He makes a professional philanderer's pass at the handsome farmer's wife and his romantic soul is charmed by her virtuously refusing him. But then in the second act this position is reversed. The lay-preacher husband and the biologist, in their capacity as partisans, receive orders to kill the Captain at once. They are not very good partisans; indeed, they have only enrolled in order to be well in with the authorities when the war ends. They have both grown fond of the Captain, and don't in the least wish to kill him. So, to satisfy their superiors, they decide to blow up the barn where the Captain sleeps, but to make sure first that the Captain is not there at the time. But how be sure? Why let the handsome wife, who is only too agreeable, make an assignation with him. But it is one thing for a professional philanderer to make a pass at the lady of the house: quite another when it is she who makes the advances. As a romantic he is shocked and disappointed, he won't hear of such a thing, and thus the good intentions of this odd pair of partisans are temporarily frustrated.

Mr. Cannan is himself an actor, and his play has all the virtues of the so-called "actor's play" It provides, that is, excellent parts, and it makes an unblushing use of any and every well-tried theatrical trick. But the phrase "an actor's play" commonly implies as well a play that is bounded, in its knowledge of life, character and motive, by the second-hand conventional views that echo round theatreland itself, on the stage and sometimes even off it. Mr. Cannan is not like that. He is alive in his own time, such as it is, and is amused by it, and he transcribes his amusement in a series of neatly turned phrases. But it is only fair to give a warning to those who like their plays to have a thesis, spoken or unspoken. *Captain Carvallo* has no purpose that I can detect, except the purpose to amuse. It is not a play of ideas if that means a play with an idea to push; but it is certainly a play of ideas if that means a play to amuse those who enjoy ideas being played with. It is not a play "about something" in the sense that it presses for less divorce or more red tape; but it is a play "about something" in that it presents to us, wittily, varying aspects of the human comedy.

The heresy that improvement is the sole object of drama is an old one. And now it may seem odd that it should be at this particular moment, a time of far-reaching social reconstruction, that the arts, having enlisted themselves so passionately by the side of politics in the Thirties, should suddenly seem to have dropped their social consciousness as it were overnight, and have ceased to be interested in the details of the political struggle. But doesn't reflection show that it is quite understandable? In the impotent decade before the war, the necessity for drastic change imposed itself upon the consciousness of almost all the sensitive and the aware, so imperiously that for the moment it completely canalised their passion, though they remained powerless to effect the changes. Novels, plays and even poetry reflected this intense but narrow interest. After the war the scene changed. Power was in the hands of the reformers. They no longer needed to dream about the changes, they could make them. And politics returned (or seemed until the international situation sharpened, to have returned) to bring something less than the whole of life. And the artists reverted to reflecting the human situation in its widest, instead of its narrower, aspect.

But this is to digress. The present production is polished to the last corner. I think it a criticism that is over-polished. It gives the air of having been rubbed until it is altogether too smooth. One feels that discrepancies, edges and protuberances which should be there, have been rubbed away to get a kind of gloss. Thus, though it is expertly played, one can still imagine some of it played quite differently and with broader effects. Mr. James Donald, the Captain Carvallo, has a wonderfully precise sudden side-long look, that he uses to great effect, an adept throw-away technique, and oceans of charm; but I wonder if the author didn't also mean him to be much more dashing in his romantic phases, and this would save him from a certain monotony of voice. Mr. Richard Goolden is immensely funny as the lay preacher, a sort of winged old crow; but might he not be even funnier if his religious fanaticism protruded with altogether sharper angles? I cannot imagine, on the other hand, anything better or more exactly right than Mr. Peter Finch's Professor, and Miss Diana Wynyard, see-sawing between middle-aged virtue and vanishing youth, makes the ideal wife. The small roles are here—it is by no means usual to find this in the West End now—well acted, by Miss Jill Bennett, Mr. Anthony Pelly and Mr. Thomas Heathcote. In general, everyone except Miss Wynyard speaks much too fast and too inaudibly. The author's lines seemed to me well worth hearing, and almost half of them are lost. The actors can hardly wait for each other to get towards the end of their sentences before cutting in with their answers. This pace adds to the air of tremendous expertness, but I don't feel that it is quite right. *Venus Observed* had, to my mind, the same over-smooth surface, the same polishing away of contrasts, that, on the contrary, ought to have been brought out.

T. C. WORSLEY

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CAPRICCIO

IT is slowly dawning upon the musical world (all but those who wear the blinkers of some "progressive" creed) that the work of Richard Strauss's final decade (1939–1949) was not only abundant but often of the finest quality. It includes two full-length operas: the three-act *Liebe der Danae*, not yet publicly performed but scheduled for Salzburg next year, and *Capriccio*, a one-act "conversation-piece" to a text by the conductor Clemens Krauss, first given in 1942 in Dresden and elsewhere, and a focus of interest at this year's Salzburg Festival. The B.B.C. are to be congratulated on relaying what was evidently a superlative performance under Karl Böhm. Without libretto or score, it was difficult to us to follow the course of—well, not events, for the piece has little more action than a late play by Bernard Shaw—so let us say, of the argument. Yet "argument" is a dry word for the charming and civilised entertainment which we overheard. Here, in his fifteenth and last opera, Strauss muses upon the curious nature of opera itself—the ever-recurrent warfare between words and music, and the exalted emotional plateaux which can be attained when they consent to fraternise.

The subject and milieu (a castle near Paris at the time of Gluck's opera reforms) remind us of the Prologue to *Ariadne*; so does the musical style. The piece runs for over two hours; and it might seem that so much continuous music and so little dramatic action must prove an impossible combination. But that is to reckon without the wonderful dexterity, the buoyancy, the sheer felicity and charm, of the musical language. The texture is mostly light and diaphanous, like that of the Oboe Concerto; the voice parts rise from easy *parlando* to elaborate, but always supple, curving phrases such as every singer delights in; frequently the voices combine in a set-piece which provokes the audience to spontaneous applause. The principal role, that of the Countess, is one more confession of love—almost his last—for that life-long passion of Strauss, the lyrical soprano voice; and the opera ends with a prolonged and meltingly beautiful arioso for the Countess in the composer's favourite key of D flat major. After the Munich dress-rehearsal of *Capriccio*, Strauss said, with tears in his eyes, "I can't do it better than that"; and it is a pity that he could not have heard it sung by Lisa della Casa, who (unless the radio lies) has the purest, the most flexible, voice and style that even a composer could wish for. Shall we ever hear her, or *Capriccio*, in London?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

THE successful broadcaster of talks is the man who can read a suitably prepared script in such a way as to achieve a convincing imitation of someone talking without a script. This is plainly the situation of *The Emperor's New Clothes* in reverse, and every so often the full absurdity of it is made apparent. It was the other evening, by the unscripted conversation between Mr. Joyce Cary and Lord David Cecil. The programme was a brilliant *tour de force*. This, one felt, was real conversation: two men discussing a subject of the closest possible interest to them. It flowed, rose and fell naturally, had sudden spurts of excitement, moments of sudden emphasis; it had all the appearance of complete spontaneity, and I imagine that, apart from possible occasional editing of the records by the producer, it was spontaneous. As a piece of broadcasting I found it most exhilarating. And the matter was as fascinating as the manner: we are taken into the mind of one of the most original novelists of our day; Mr. Cary described his methods of writing and analysed the values that inform his work. Of all the many recent talks on novels and novelists this seemed to me by far the most important.

Within the last six months or so, the B.B.C. appears to have discovered the existence of the novel. Thus, the Cary-Cecil conversation was followed on the next evening by an extremely perceptive analysis of Virginia Woolf's work by Mr. Angus Wilson; while in the Home Service the series of talks on some contemporary novelists has just ended. Some of these talks I missed; of those I heard I especially liked Mr. Davin's on Joyce Cary and Mr. J. D. Scott's on L. P. Hartley, partly because both speakers are relatively new to broadcasting and new voices, particularly on literary subjects, are badly needed on the air. All the same, my observation that the B.B.C. has discovered the novel requires qualification. It has discovered the novelists whose reputations are firmly established, the contemporary masters. The B.B.C.'s treatment of new books has recently been criticised, fairly and severely, in other places. Since I wrote on this topic in these notes some two years ago the situation has become, if anything, worse, and it is now pretty obvious that the Corporation has almost given up trying to deal with new books. It is only in the Regions that any adequate attempts at reviewing can be found.

I found Mr. Terence Tiller's "dramatic myth in verse," *Lilith*, at once difficult and profoundly interesting. I could have wished, for the sake of further enlightenment, for more factual information about this uncanonical symbol of evil than Mr. Tiller gave; a preliminary talk would have been useful. At the same time, the programme was continually exciting, most successful, perhaps, when most simple, as in the scene in which Adam names the beasts in Eden—a passage of unclouded poetry which I found both moving and beautiful. Mr. Robert Harris brought great dignity to the part of Adam, and, as Lilith, Miss Jill Balcon was as accomplished as one would expect, though I am not sure that she sufficiently brought out the Lamia element in the character. The noble voice of God the Creator, Mr. Deryck Guyler, seemed to me unduly to drop at the ends of the lines; in fact, God the Creator tended to gabble a bit.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Colt .45," at Warners
"The Gunfighter" at the Marble Arch Odeon

It is mid-August. Westerns engage the eye at more than one level. That of *Colt .45* is frankly moronic, with a badness that in the end brings its own consolations. From the moment when the heroine, locked in a small shed, blows the door out with three sacks of dynamite and runs prettily to freedom, we know that nothing can go wrong with her or with the film. And nothing does. Close-up of a ticking clock: "how quiet," then insists she, "it is." Soon, of course, menaced but cool, she sits on the edge of a chair while the villain, with a fine sneer, occupies the foreground lounging and balancing two cocked pistols. Dare he shoot? No. What good would it be if he did? She is invulnerable, (one wound in the shoulder has already disappeared by magic)—invulnerable, that is, to all but the ugly, honest charms of the hero who has begun to notice her rather late on. *Colt .45* works up, by accident, to a fine Preston Sturges climax, with Indians bobbing up and hallooing from behind water-butts; but by that time probably the auditorium, like the small-town street, will have cleared itself.

Into these same bullet-spangled Eighties *The Gunfighter* seeks to instil its grain of sense. The hero in this case (Gregory Peck with a moustache) is a product of natural selection: if he hadn't drawn his gun before all the others he wouldn't be there to look up a deserted wife and to regret his reputation. Nervy, modest, reluctant, he rebuts one's Texan ideal quite effectively, and the film would be a good deal better than it is if fewer guns had been trained on that saloon door from which Drama prevents him from emerging, and if the sentiment of his end had been a little less wafted about. But as it is the piece, directed by Henry King, has unusually solid merits, and its small town without tinsel makes, at times, a claim on one's nerves. The saloon with rough brick walls and children pressing their noses against the window, the high-pitched bark of a dog (unseen) that greets each arrival, and the sunlit street with murder in prospect touch the real thing.

And, to complete this week's reversion to pistols, the real thing—and how admirable it is!—is to be found at the Royal Cinema, Edgware Road, in Ford's *My Darling Clementine*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

KOREA

SIR,—I know that I am representing many of my ex-Service workmates when I say that those war-nightmares which we thought we had buried are again disturbing our rest; that many of us are wishing that our children were not quite so wonderful; that there is a growing desire to escape some terrible cataclysm. There is also a growing doubt concerning the wisdom of those whom we elected.

Upon the basis of fear and doubt no successful war was ever launched, surely? Beneath the leadership of the American Right Wing no progressive force ever marched, surely? It is hypocritical, surely, to talk of Russian expansionism when (horrible fact) American atom-bombers operate from this country? Or of Russian churlishness when Truman rejects the sane proposals of Stalin and Nehru?

Most of us are not Communists. We demonstrated this at the last elections. But many do believe that it is possible to live at peace with Communist countries. We are faced with an idea, not merely a nation, and no idea was ever extinguished with arms. We must show that ours is a better idea; we will not do this by allying ourselves with reactionaries, with those who make vicious statements. (I refer to Churchill's Fulton speech; Montgomery's "killing party"; Synghman Rhee's 1949 interview quoted in the *New York Herald Tribune*; besides those that have issued from the American press and Congress).

Neither is the cheap sensationalism of our own national press free from guilt in this respect. It is only too ready to increase mystery and suspicion concerning Russia, and only too ready to forget the glorious battle we waged alongside her so recently. To preserve peace requires a fraction of the initiative then used. To ignore such men as the twenty British trade unionists who visited Moscow recently, is not initiative, but a part of our own Iron Curtain. Who ever heard of a teacher combating a pupil's bad habit with one of his own?

Stalin has proposed the banning of the atom bomb and has agreed to international inspection. Let us not frustrate an imperative need with an opportunist Baruch plan. Let us be realistic and recognise Soviet China at the Security Council—as we have recognised her in other respects—and then have a meeting of that Council in which the North Korean Government is allowed a say. It is only reasonable to hear both sides before making a grave decision.

Above all, let there be more talk of peace amongst our leaders. It is an important topic in our workshops and cafés, yet it seems to have eluded Parliament. Our people are wondering why; they are frightened and still war-weary. They dread the morning's headlines and look up at every aircraft that passes overhead. They feel an insidious undercurrent pulling them out to sea. . . . The emotion must be considered, for it presages disaster.

HERBERT SMITH

36 Wandsworth Bridge Road, S.W.6.

[This letter is typical of a large correspondence on this subject.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

THOSE HUMAN RUSSIANS

SIR,—Mr. de Mendelssohn has got, very oddly, the opposite end of the stick. He "suspects that I overrate the stability of relationships between nations on a moral or ethical plane." How can I overrate it when I rate it at nil? For God knows how many years, in books, pamphlets and letters to the press, I have begged people to remember that, as all history shows, what they so passionately feel to-day about the inhabitants of another country is not in

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the least what they will feel to-morrow. But they never learn.

The trouble is precisely that, in stress of war, the average man quite honestly (at one level) attributes a bestial "national character" to his enemies, which will certainly transform itself—sometimes even into its opposite—a few years after the war is over. His natural instinct to think of all the so and so's as sadistic brutes is deliberately reinforced by the propaganda machine of his Government, and by the baser, which becomes increasingly the greater, part of the popular press. So the war is made even more beastly than it might otherwise have been, and things are done, in the first flush of victory, which fatally poison future relationships.

It seems to me desirable, therefore, to remind people, while there is still only at worst a pre-war situation, that the common or garden citizens of the State they may one day (God forbid) be fighting are just as decent as anyone else. If such a task were undertaken by great and powerful organisations, religious or otherwise, instead of by some wretched little private publisher, it is conceivable that, if and when the worst happened, a few men and women might remember. VICTOR GOLLANCZ

14 Henrietta Street, W.C.2.

"VANSITTARTISM"

SIR,—A friend has brought to my notice that you are trying to build up a new myth of "Vansittartism, this time designed to brand the Russians as inhuman barbarians whom no one and nothing can redeem." The quotation is from Mr. Mendelssohn in your issue of August 12. Of course I never said that about the Germans either; I said explicitly the contrary—but let that pass. I realise that some mendacity is inseparable from politics, though you are wasting misrepresentation on me, as I belong to no party and aspire to no office. I usually disregard it, but, to preserve some sort of standards, it may be well to label the new fabrication at the start. If thereafter you and Mr. Mendelssohn prefer to go on with it, please yourselves; it will make no difference to me.

I have never generalised about the Russian people; there are too many breeds and kinds. I have, however, publicly differentiated between them and their rulers. Perhaps you and Mr. Mendelssohn object to that? I differentiate so much that I believe the great majority of Russians and their subordinated races detest those tyrants. I believe that, if the Kremlin forces on a third World War, we shall have a great chance of getting an uprising, which will liquidate the blood-soaked bosses. There might have been something of the kind—certainly in the Ukraine—during World War II, if the Germans had been less brutal. You may object to that too, but it is wholly incompatible with your myth of undiscriminating "Vansittartism," and with Mr. Mendelssohn's travesty of my "hopes." (He has no right to invent them; I have never spoken with, or even heard of, him.)

And now in turn I must admit that I have no high regard for your judgment. You let Mr. Mendelssohn say: "it is surely doubtful whether the parallel with Nazi Germany holds in more than a few superficial respects." A facile and heartless affirmation. There are thousands of exiles and mourners who will tell you what they think of your "superficial respects." They will describe to you in detail the ghastly and fundamental kinship of Communazis; and most of them will add that the Communists are the worse of the two. VANSITTART

[This letter is referred to in the "London Diary." —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BOOKS AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—Mr. Penning-Rowsell's reasoned case for more broadcast reviewing of books does not seem to have received much open support. I am sorry, for his conception, if carried out by the B.B.C. with wisdom and courage, could do much good to literature.

But it does need wisdom and courage. Our culture is riven and split, far too much so for health; we desperately need to avoid any forces that might split it further, and we need above all to search out every means which may bind it together. If a B.B.C. literary policy were to serve any such purpose, it would have to be directed to a public of many hundred thousands—and a public whose literary background is small compared with their human interest and natural intelligence. To get home to such a public, we should have to make them believe (and first believe ourselves) that books can both delight them and tell them something about themselves and the people round them.

We shall have, that is, to recapture, in our own literary world, some of the zest and appetite for books, and some of the simplicity of approach, that has marked the great creative ages. We shall have to explain why some popular writers seem to us bad because they falsify the truth: but we should have to be humble enough, and catholic enough, to realise that popular writers are often more important in every sense than the esoteric ragtag and bobtail of a decaying aestheticism.

I believe it could be done. I believe that the techniques of broadcast reviewing and so on can be discovered, if the original spirit is right. And if the spirit is right, the B.B.C. could do a great service to our literature. PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

LOGICAL POSITIVISM

SIR,—Mr. Dick begins his review of my book, *A Critique of Logical Positivism*, by asking for whom it is intended. The answer, clearly given in the Introduction, for "professional and amateur philosophers, students of philosophy and those who dwell intellectually on what may be called the philosophical fringe," to many of whom I say Logical Positivism is "of immense interest." I go on to explain why the first edition of Ayer's book was deliberately selected for consideration and criticism, the reason being that "it had attracted the attention of young philosophers or of non-philosophers." It is for the same reason, namely, that his works have attracted a wide public, that I treat Russell's views at some length in Chapter VIII, a treatment which makes Mr. Dick's remarks to the effect that I deal "solely with this early work" of Ayer's and that "no suspicion" of any knowledge by me "of the philosophical output of the last fifteen fertile years . . . is allowed to creep into this book," comprehensible only on the assumption that he has not noticed the passage or that he does not consider Russell's work entitled to rank as part of this output.

I am at a loss to understand why he should assert that "positivists do not say that ethical words in their normative use have no meaning" in the face of assertions by Ayer to the effect that "sentences which express moral judgments" and which, therefore, presumably include ethical words, "do not say anything. They are pure expressions of feeling," especially when they are reinforced for good measure by such remarks as "all utterances about the nature of God are nonsensical."

Mr. Dick's own assertion "that the function of ethical words, used normatively . . . is not to describe either the actual world or one of Dr. Joad's supersensible worlds"—I am intrigued by his ascription of "super-sensible worlds" to me, but I must disown the flattering imputation; Plato and Christ thought of them first—is sheer dogmatism. The basic contention of objective intuitionism which is probably the dominant trend in English ethics is that the actual world is precisely what ethical words do purport to describe. I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Dick is ignorant of the works of the many objective intuitionists and conclude that his dismissal of them in a brief sentence is only one more example of that arrogant dogmatism—"we have settled this"—"we have dismissed all that"—which is so marked a characteristic of topical post-war writings.

Mr. Dick misunderstands my last chapter. I am not, as he suggests, maintaining that it is better to believe something, whatever it may be, than to believe nothing, but that there are many beliefs whose truth cannot be verified by the logical positivist test of verification, which, indeed, if logical positivism is right are meaningless, which may be both true and salutary.

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says OLD HETHERS

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BARLEY WATER

A word finally on the interpretation of Kant. In the passage to which Mr. Dick takes exception, and from which he quotes a sentence out of its context, I am asserting that, for Kant, what is given to us in sensory experience is never *merely* given but is always interpreted. We are only able "to make meaningful statements" about what is given in sense experience, which is what I call "the world of science," because the mind invests it with qualities and properties and imposes upon it a framework of logical and mathematical relations, which are *not* empirically given, but are known *a priori*. Hence, as I say, the interpretation of that which is given to us in sense experience implies the existence of that which transcends what is given.

C. E. M. JOAD

NIGERIA

SIR,—In your issue of August 5, Critic depicts the Chief Secretary as "probably the most progressive and forthright official in an authoritative position in any of the British colonies," whose attitude to African problems must "seem recklessly rapid" to "the old stager in the Colonial Office." Mr. Foot has a Governor above him and the Colonial Office behind him, and it is inconceivable that he would wish it to be thought that he is attempting to carry out a policy of his own, which he is certainly not in a position to do. The impression Critic conveys can only harm Mr. Foot's reputation amongst the officials with whom he has to work and with West Africans, who have no desire to be the objects of a personal policy conducted by any Chief Secretary, however brilliant or progressive.

Perhaps you will also allow me to comment on Critic's original remarks in your issue of July 22, which provoked Mr. Foot's reply. Critic, referring to my pamphlet, *West African Ferment*, said: "Miss Nicholson wants a new approach to development planning. 'The conception required,' she writes, 'is that of the Marshall Plan.' Personally, I doubt it. Something much more un-capitalist is required." What I did write was: "The conception required is that of the Marshall Plan, *in which the receiving countries get together in their planning, in which there is a reasonable target to aim at, and in which the final 'missing component' is supplied from outside. The 'missing component' was not, as it had been thought, finance, but it proved to be materials and skilled men.*" Need there be anything "capitalist" about such a plan? Critic then suggests that the difficult problem of external monopolies should be tackled (excellent, but it would be even more helpful if he would suggest the immediate steps required), and that West Africa should not be treated almost exclusively "as a source of raw materials." He quoted also from the Report of the Select Committee on Estimates its view that if the Ten-Year Development Plan were carried out overnight, its effect on the standard of living of the people would be barely perceptible. But Critic says nothing of the steps taken additional to the Development Plan projects, and leaves the impression that the Plan represents the sum total of the Government's efforts, and in any case "proceeds at a snail's pace." No doubt, if he had been reviewing the pamphlet, he might have made good the omissions, so that I do not complain on that score. I complain only because the net result is an unfair, because inaccurate, picture of what is actually being done in West Africa. I could write a much more scathing criticism of what is being done than Critic, and so could any African politician or any serving official, but it should not be based on an arbitrary selection of facts, and should also take into account the difficulties that have to be faced. These difficulties will not vanish overnight when self-government is attained, and it is not helpful to West Africans to talk as though only the waving of a wand is required.

MARJORIE NICHOLSON

1872 Maida Vale, W.9.

MILTON

SIR,—In his review of my *English Poetry, A Critical Introduction* Mr. Rex Warner wants to know why I call Milton "the money-lender's son." I am afraid my only reason for doing so was that the elder Milton *was* a money-lender. ("His fortune was made largely by moneylending," J. H. Hanford, *A Milton Handbook*, 4th edition, p. 13.) Mr. Warner is also puzzled by my description of the atmosphere in which Milton grew up as "hot-house." There isn't, he says, "any shred of evidence" of this. I can only assume that Mr. Warner is unaware of the familiar passage in the *Defensio Secunda* (pp. 118-9 in the Columbia edition), in which Milton describes his dedication by his father to the humanities—"he provided me, in addition to the ordinary instructions of the grammar school, masters to give me daily lessons at home." Finally, Mr. Warner has apparently been beaten by the word *meaningful*, "whatever that means." Obviously enough, it means "full of meaning." The *Oxford Dictionary's* definition is "Full of meaning or expression; significant."

F. W. BATESON

Temple House, Brill, Aylesbury.

MR. WILSON AND MRS. CASTLE

SIR,—Autolycus has blundered badly. If he will re-read *The Times* of August 2 he will find that Mr. Wilson attended the banquet held in Guildhall, but was represented by Mrs. Castle at the Congress meeting held in the Central Hall Westminster earlier in the day. Admittedly the report was not written as lucidly as one expects from *The Times*; but there is no room for the misinterpretation which Autolycus has placed upon it.

R. D. CLARKE

26 Rossetti Garden Mansions,
Chelsea, S.W.3.

[Our apologies are due to *The Times* for the misreading of their report.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ROUGH OL' DAY

SIR,—Mr. Hyams's story "Rough Ol' Day" may unintentionally have misled some of his readers. The statement that the "26s. pension" of a man of 82 was not payable in full because of his earnings cannot be true of a National Insurance pension since all such pensions are payable after age 70 (65 in the case of a woman) irrespective of any earnings. It is, of course, possible that Mr. Orton's pension was not based on insurance but was a non-contributory one awarded after an enquiry into his means. But this, on the facts of his working life, would be exceptional.

F. D. BICKERTON,
Chief Press Officer.

Ministry of National Insurance,
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GREEK CHILDREN

SIR,—Since last October we have been privileged to receive into our convalescent home seventy-two Greek children, boys and girls aged between eight and fourteen years. After a month or six weeks in the home they stayed as guests with British families. The children were chosen from the very large number affected by war and famine and usually one or both their parents had been killed.

During March, ten of them returned home and a further forty went back in July. Twenty-two now remain in this country—five of them having lost an arm or leg and, in one case, both arms. They will be nursed back to health by warm-hearted people who have temporarily adopted them. These children will stay until their new limbs have been fitted and they are well enough to use them again.

We want to continue the work we have begun, not only with Greek children but with more Italian, German and French as well, providing them with necessary holidays and treatment. Each year since 1947 we have sent nearly 500 British children for a month in private families to France, Belgium, Luxembourg and now in Norway and Denmark. If your readers think this work creative and worth supporting we hope they will contribute as generously as possible to our funds as we are entirely dependent on private contributions. Before we plan our work for 1951 we must be assured of the public's support. £10 gives a month's holiday to a French or British child, while £25 covers from three to twelve months recuperation for a more needy Greek, German or Italian child.

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Books in General

HISTORICAL reputations are a sort of political barometer; every generation gets the heroes it deserves. Professor Geyl recently gave a brilliant demonstration of this in the case of Napoleon. In English history, Henry VIII, hero of the late Professor Pollard, is going down; and Elizabeth, courted by Professor Neale and Mr. Rowse, is coming up. No doubt, in our era of decline, we prefer subtlety to animal vigour. Bismarck is the German barometer, the test of what German historians think of themselves and of the world. Of course, there are other significant German figures—Luther and Goethe, for example. Luther has gone down with the general decline of religion; unless you take his faith seriously, he was a repellent boor. Goethe is always produced when the Germans are feeling sorry for themselves. He has to act as excuse for the concentration-camps and the gas-chambers; after all, a nation which produced Goethe cannot be wholly bad. Goethe was certainly a poet of the highest genius; apart from this, he was a complacent prig, servile and self-satisfied. He won't really do if the Germans are to escape the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. Bismarck, with all his faults, is a better card for the Germans to play. He has that essential quality of the significant figure: he can be made to sparkle whichever way you look at him.

It is all the more surprising that hitherto there has been no good life of Bismarck. The standard German life by Max Lenz is no more than an enlarged obituary. Grant Robertson's splendid sketch, written during the first German war, gives out in 1871 when Bismarck had nineteen years of high office still ahead of him. During the second German war Erich Eyck, a German living in England, wrote a three-volume life which was published in Switzerland. He has now produced a reduced version in one volume* for the English reader. It would be a poor compliment to say that this is the best life of Bismarck; it is the only life of Bismarck and will hold its own for years to come. For one thing, it covers the whole story from beginning to end. Or rather, to be precise, it gives out when Bismarck left office and omits the last eight years when Bismarck conducted a malicious and unscrupulous campaign against William II who had dismissed him. Still, it is more important that Dr. Eyck has read and digested the enormous mass of Bismarck literature. Even more than Napoleon, Bismarck has been the victim of too much scholarship. For the first eight years of Bismarck's time in office alone, there are forty-two volumes of published documents from the Austrian, Prussian, and French archives. No one has really sorted them out till Dr. Eyck faced them. Then there have been endless works of meticulous research, conducted as solemnly as the study of Holy Writ; every scrap of Bismarck's writing, every fragment of his conversation, have been assembled in the fifteen volumes of his Collected Works; and Bismarck added to the confusion in probably the most misleading work of autobiography ever written. Dr. Eyck is the master of his subject. Even though the bibliographical apparatus has been omitted in the English edition, the reader can have confidence that Dr. Eyck has examined all the evidence before passing judgment.

This last sentence suggests one of Dr. Eyck's defects. Dr. Eyck is by training a lawyer, by profession a liberal journalist; and he took up history to relieve the tedium of exile. It is not so easy to become a historian as is sometimes supposed. Dr. Eyck gives the impression that he is always out for a verdict; and so far as Bismarck is concerned it is usually a verdict of Guilty. Bismarck himself claimed that he kept five balls in the air; Dr. Eyck tends to insist that one ball must have been the decisive one and the others just kept spinning to deceive the audience. Bismarck had political genius of the highest order; certainly therefore he knew what he was doing. Dr. Eyck interprets this as meaning that Bismarck knew where he was going, a very different matter. The nineteenth century was an age of political optimism, and therefore most politicians thought in terms of objective—even though what they accomplished often turned out very different from what they intended. Dr. Eyck's attitude is all right for them. But Bismarck was not a political optimist. He did not want to go anywhere; quite the reverse, he wished to slow things down. Most of the things that Bismarck accomplished—the war with Austria, the war with France, the so-called unification of Germany—would have been accomplished anyway. What Bismarck really achieved was to make them less decisive than they would have been otherwise. He propped up the Habsburg monarchy for fifty years after its collapse; he preserved France as a Great Power; he retarded German unification until the days of Hitler; within his own limited Germany he staved off the triumph of plebiscitarian democracy.

This criticism leads to the deeper defect in Dr. Eyck's approach. His judgments are those of a contemporary, not of a historian. Dr. Eyck grew up dreaming of a liberal constitutional monarchy in Germany, associated with the Western powers and with a liberal German Austria, and pushing Russia far to the east. Bismarck did not share this dream; and therefore Dr. Eyck condemns him. For instance, he condemns Bismarck for not making an alliance with England against Russia in 1879; yet such an alliance would certainly have led to war in the Near East. In fact, Dr. Eyck is not far removed from the conviction so widespread in the Western world—when is war not wicked, not a crime against humanity, not destructive, in fact when is war not war? When it is against Russia. Yet Dr. Eyck expresses a judgment on Austrian politics which is to me much more shocking than anything Bismarck ever did. He condemns Francis Joseph for dismissing his German ministers in 1879 and writes: "We now know that in fact Francis Joseph brought about the collapse of his dynasty by banishing his faithful German subjects to the wilderness." In other words Francis Joseph ought to have left power in the hands of the German minority—simply because they were middle-class liberals—and not attempted to conciliate his Slav subjects.

Dr. Eyck's verdict on Bismarck is that, though he was a wicked man, he accomplished a glorious work. He describes his enormous achievement—"the fulfilment of the dream of the German nations, their unification in a powerful and glorious Empire." Again, "the critics of his methods and his personality never can, nor will, doubt his singular greatness and his everlasting glory." Bismarck's reputation for wickedness is a very curious affair. He has become the Old Nick of modern times; yet what did he do that others did not? He treated Austria much more considerately than Lincoln treated the southern states; he used his victory over France with much more moderation than Napoleon III would have used a victory over Prussia. He bullied Denmark in 1864. Was this worse than the way Palmerston bullied Greece in 1850 or China in 1860? Though he was jealous of political rivals, he was no more jealous than Gladstone was of Chamberlain. It is difficult to discover noble idealists among the European statesmen with whom Bismarck had to deal—Gorchakov? Thiers? Andrássy? Disraeli? Bismarck did not lack morality; what he lacked was uplift. He could not make his voice quaver with unselfish zeal, as Gladstone's voice quavered when he occupied Egypt. Bismarck fought "necessary" wars and killed thousands; the idealists of the twentieth century fight "just" wars and kill millions. Bismarck defended national sovereignty, or rather accepted it as a fact; this was no more wicked than to reject the Schuman plan on the same grounds.

Though Bismarck lacked humbug, he did not lack principles. Only they were not liberal principles. They were principles founded in distrust of human nature, principles of doubt and restraint. When men dislike Bismarck for his realism, what they really dislike is reality. Take his most famous sentence: "the great questions of our time will not be settled by resolutions and majority votes—that was the mistake of the men of 1848 and 1849—but by blood and iron." Who can deny that this is true as a statement of fact? What settled the question of Nazi domination of Europe—resolutions or the allied armies? What will settle the question of Korea—majority votes at Lake Success or American strength? This is a very different matter from saying that principles and beliefs are ineffective. They can be extremely effective if translated into blood and iron and not simply into resolutions and majority votes. As a matter of fact Bismarck never underrated the importance of principles; rather he erred in taking the principles of others too seriously. He conducted political war first against the Roman Catholics, then against the Social Democrats, because he thought that they meant what they said—the Catholics that they were loyal only to the Pope, the Socialists that they were revolutionaries. The basis of our modern liberal democracies is that men do not mean what they say. This was indeed the justification for our first liberal act—the emancipation of the Roman Catholics from the penal laws. Nowa-

* *Bismarck and the German Empire*. By ERICH EYCK. *Allen & Unwin*. 18s.

days, Mr. Attlee does not really believe that Mr. Churchill wishes to exploit the poor; and Mr. Churchill does not really believe that Mr. Attlee is leading the country to ruin. Most of our present troubles with the Russians spring from the conviction of Roosevelt and his advisers that the Communist leaders did not mean what they had been saying for thirty years—at least no more than Roosevelt meant what he said at election time. Unfortunately the Communists are old-fashioned—like Bismarck.

Bismarck was old-fashioned in a more fundamental sense. He came from a peaceful, stable society; and he valued stability above movement. First inside Germany and then in Europe he achieved a balance of opposing forces, and so created a generation of stability. Men fall easily into the habit of taking security for granted; and the generation which flourished after 1878 soon regarded internal order and European peace as normal. In fact the years between 1878 and 1914—years with no revolutions outside Russia and no wars outside the Balkans—were the most abnormal years in modern history; and whatever the future has in store for us it is pretty certain that we shall never see the like of them again. Instead of dismissing Bismarck as a nasty man, it would be wiser to bear in mind that these years were his doing; that without him the great war of all against all—of class against class, of nation against nation—would have got under way sooner.

Finally, when judging Bismarck as a politician, one has to remember one other thing, which is not obvious to a German writer: Bismarck was dealing with Germans. The personal spite; the raucous evocation of Power; the irritation at opposition—these were qualities which he shared with other German politicians. The restraint; the ability to see into the minds of others; the readiness to risk his own prestige for the sake of peace and moderation; these were the things that Bismarck added. No doubt Germany and German policy in Bismarck's day had many faults; but no German since has done any better. I suspect that Bismarck would have preferred this cool praise to the eternal glory and moral disapproval which Dr. Eyck offers him.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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MOTHERING SUNDAY

Desert Calling. The Story of Charles de Foucauld. By ANNE FREMANTLE. *Hollis & Carter.* 15s.

The story of Charles Vicomte de Foucauld, officer in the 4th Hussars and African explorer, who became a Trappist monk and later established his own mission in the Sahara where he was murdered by the Touaregs during the first world war, is so remarkable that one cannot help wishing his English biographer belonged to a sterner school and was less ready to dismiss the paradoxes and ambiguities of this strange character with an assumption of maternal knowingness. One is reminded by Foucauld's life sometimes of St. Augustine, more often of Tolstoy, in his progress through the human passions towards the love of God; and in his later career, when as a monk Foucauld accompanied French military expeditions or was the favoured guest of Lyautey, we are reminded of those priests who penetrated with the Conquistadores into Southern America, perhaps a little confused in mind between the service of God and the service of Spain.

It is possible that the cause for Foucauld's beatification will be successful, but we are made a little uneasy by his very success. He gave up the world, but the world seems to have been handed back to him. As a young man he grew to care more for exploration than for women, developing in his desert journeys a taste for chastity; and though for a time in his Trappist years he ceased to be an explorer, later when he had been released from his Order, he was enabled as a priest to take up his old life again with yet greater freedom. Even his death was more that of the officer than of the saint.

> He was the surest, the most confidential, the most discreet of all intelligence officers. . . . His dominant characteristic was to be, first and above all, an officer of the Native Bureau. . . . He will remain the model and the pattern for every officer of Native Affairs in any and every colonising nation.

This tribute from one of his military colleagues is quoted by Mrs. Fremantle.

Unfortunately his English biographer, careful and painstaking though she is in the details of his life, belongs to a distressing new school of hagiology that in the last twenty years has been superseding its more innocent and obvious predecessors, rather in the same way as Eric Gill and his disciples substituted for the plaster Madonna in the blue robe a new form of wooden (in all senses) repository art. We could recognise the old hagiologers and now we can even feel a certain affection for their simplicity, their readiness to accept any pious story, their innocence of psychology, their naive appeal to human goodness. How easy it was to parody:

> One year his class acted a little play before the Bishop, based on the persecution of the Early Christians, and no one was more amused than Juan when he was chosen to play the part of Nero. Did any premonition touch him that night that he too in a few short years would be numbered among the martyrs? One cannot say, but his classmate, who later became Father Miguel Cerra, S.J., tells how that evening Juan spent longer than usual upon his knees and when his friends teased him a little, as boys will . . .

There was this to be said for the old hagiology. If nothing seemed quite true to life, everything and everybody was of great importance. Evil was not "understood," and it was not minimised. The body was that of Patmore's description:

> So rich with wealth conceal'd
> That Heaven and Hell fight chiefly for this field.

Here is a note of the new hagiology in a chapter called "Mainly Mimi"—saints for library subscribers, charity for the women's page:

> "I've come only to inform you, gentlemen, that the regiment leaves in eight days for Africa," the Colonel said, bowing gallantly over Mimi's hand.
> "Hurrah," chorused Charles and his friends, "action at last!" The Colonel smiled, drank with the boys, and left. FitzJames told the band to play "Good-night, Ladies."
> Then, "What will you do about poor Mimi?" he asked Charles.
> "Why *poor* Mimi?" instantly replied the latter. "She, too, will leave . . . with me."
> FitzJames and the other lieutenants gasped. "What? How?"
> Charles smiled, a fat, slow, amused smile. "By boat," he said. "It's the only way I know of crossing the Mediterranean, since Mimi's no mermaid, and no angel either."

Miss Fremantle's "understanding," her motherly attitude towards this love affair of Charles's (Foucauld is never anything but Charles to her), stifles the sense of human passion. One wants to exclaim in defence of Foucauld's mistress: "But these are human beings: they can suffer and feel desire: they are not characters in Ouida: they have importance." Like Augustine, Foucauld might have written, "I in my great worthlessness had begged You for chastity, saying 'Grant me chastity and continence but not yet.' For I was afraid that You would hear my prayer too soon, and too soon would heal me from the disease of lust which I wanted satisfied rather than extinguished." How would Miss Fremantle have dealt with Augustine? One shudders to think of it. Perhaps she would have written too of his nameless mistress when she was brought to Rome, as she does of Mimi on the way to Africa, "From the moment the boat left . . . she had the time of her young life."

GRAHAM GREENE

ANALYSIS OF THE FEEBLE-MINDED

The Biology of Mental Defect. By LIONEL S. PENROSE. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 21s.

In some societies the extremes of mental abnormality have been treated with reverence; more often, they have been persecuted. To-day we are beginning to study variation in mental ability scientifically. The central problem is not that of a class or classes of persons sharply marked off from a normal majority. If intellectual capacity is measured, a majority of members of a large population are found to fall within a fairly narrow middle range of ability, with the numbers diminishing steadily as the extremes, at either end, are approached. The boundaries between normal, feeble-minded, imbeciles and idiots are arbitrary, varying from country to country and from expert to expert. Even the boundary between the criminal and the mentally sick is based on local convention, and the fewer hospital beds a country provides for the mentally ill or defective the greater is the number of convicts in the prisons.

This "continuous variation" in mental ability has several important consequences. Professor Penrose writes:

> In so far as mental defect is not a disease but merely the expression of normal variation in the intellectual capacities of members of the human species, to speak of cure is absurd. The problem—which indeed arises acutely also in making adequate provision for individuals of unusually high intelligence—is how best to make use of their qualities for the benefit both of the individual concerned and of the rest of the community.

This does not mean that we are obliged to accept mental deficiency as an immutable gift from nature. Eugenists have wished to reduce the numbers of defectives by preventing existing defectives from breeding. This proposal, based on the naive concept of feeble-mindedness as a simple inherited characteristic, breaks down before the facts: most mental defectives are born of normal parents and commonly have normal brothers and sisters; and most of the children of defectives are themselves not deficient. (At the extreme, among the imbeciles and idiots, fertility is so low that the problem does not arise.) Some mental deficiency can, however, be prevented or ameliorated by treatment: different types may respond to psychiatry, hormone therapy and other measures. A general improvement in the environment, both physical and mental, can make a considerable contribution.

A related problem is that of the decline of intelligence supposed to follow from the superior

fertility of the less scholastically gifted. Professor Penrose points out that the belief in a declining intelligence quotient depends on two assumptions. The first is that IQ is wholly or almost wholly determined by heredity, and is independent of environment—for instance of nutrition or schooling. But many investigations have shown conclusively that IQ *is* influenced by environment. And if the inferior IQ of the more fertile families (who are also the poorer families) is partly due to their inferior circumstances, to that extent the argument is weakened. The second assumption is that the inherited factors—the genes—which influence IQ act in a simple additive manner. This is certainly not the case for many (perhaps most) genes in animals studied experimentally. In man, if gene action were always additive, two dark-haired people could not have a fair-haired child, nor could two gifted people produce an idiot. As things are, owing to their superior fertility the less gifted give rise, not only to an excessive proportion of the total number of children, but also to a considerable proportion of the gifted persons. And Penrose shows that, in certain circumstances, preventing those of low IQ from breeding could lead to a *reduction* of the average IQ of the total population. It is therefore not surprising to learn that the only empirical data available (from Scotland) show that the mean IQ of schoolchildren *rose* slightly between 1932 and 1947.

Professor Penrose deals systematically and in a matter-of-fact style with the whole of the biological background of mental defect. Although he necessarily employs statistical analysis much of the book can be read, and enjoyed, by the layman. As an example:

> Galton . . . suggested that composite photography of criminals should reveal the features common to all members of the class. Actual experiment showed that composites of criminal faces, particularly those who were defective and insane, gave rise to pictures that were rather pleasing and noble, both in feature and expression, which could pass for rather blurred but not uncomplimentary portraits of ministers of religion. The fundamental factor common to all kinds of criminals is that they are all human.

A book on mental defect by a medical professor is perhaps unlikely to be thought suitable reading for lawyers, politicians or philosophers. If so, this is a pity. It is to be hoped that Professor Penrose's book will have a wider public than the specialists in disorders of the mind. ANTHONY BARNETT

NEW BOOKS ON ART

The Italian Drawings of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries in the Collection of H.M. The King at Windsor Castle. By A. E. POPHAM and JOHANNES WILDE. *Phaidon Press.* £3 3s. od.

Canaletto. By F. J. B. WATSON. *Paul Elek.* £2 2s. od.

The Phaidon Press volume includes all Italian drawings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries at Windsor Castle with the exception of the incomparable Leonardos that have already been the subject of a separate catalogue by Sir Kenneth Clark. Mr. Popham has not much to add to our information about the few fifteenth-century drawings: these have been studied and re-studied by Berenson and others. It might be supposed that the theme of Raphael had also been temporarily exhausted, but Mr. Popham has succeeded in adding to the list of his works two studies on a single sheet for grisailles in the window embrasure of the Stanza della Segnatura. The most important section concerns the restoration by Johannes Wilde to Michelangelo of works which had been denied to him by distinguished but blind critics. The greater part of the catalogue is taken up with fascinating and almost totally unknown drawings of the late sixteenth century. Of the twelve hundred odd items catalogued—which, among them, many indifferent copies and studio scribbles—no less than one-third are reproduced. Once again the Phaidon Press has set a standard of excellence for books on art.

The catalogue is not intended to be read as a book but to be kept on a desk as a work of reference. Its value may depend to some extent on the accuracy of small points and of attributions to obscure masters, but others besides specialists will find it useful. Deep satisfaction can be wrested with effort from lucid arguments on subjects with which the reader is unfamiliar; and those to whom Tommaso Cavalieri is nothing but a name cannot do better than to turn to the sections devoted to Michelangelo which might stand for all times as models of what catalogue entries should be. The editor of this series of volumes has been lucky enough to secure the services of the finest Michelangelo scholar in the world, and from Dr. Wilde's quiet judgments—from his firm certainty, from his equally firm doubts—the same kind of pleasure can be extracted as from geometry, or Pope. The drawings done for Cavalieri may be admired in magnificent reproductions. Special interest attaches to minor draughtsmen of the sixteenth century that are now more thrilling than at any period within living memory. The fever that possessed artists after about 1520 corresponds so closely in spirit with what is disturbing in art to-day that their drawings are becoming dangerously comprehensible—"dangerously" because there is now a tendency to exaggerate their *malaise* and ignore their emergence from a still healthy society. Like "influenza," the term "Mannerism" has come to stand for a number of separate, complicated diseases; and scholars must be given time to destroy this concept and create new ones for distinct phases through which "Mannerism" passed. It is fortunate, therefore, that the task of cataloguing the most comprehensive collection of Mannerist drawings in existence should have fallen to a scholar from the British Museum who finds differences more significant than similarities, who is not tempted to draw smart parallels with our own time.

As an example of book production, Paul Elek's first volume in the "Master Painters" series on Canaletto is lamentable. It is unwieldy and pretentious. The cardboard on which the colour plates are pasted and the binding serve no apparent purpose but to add to the weight and cost. The reds used in the colour blocks give a totally false impression of the originals. (The most obvious errors are the robes worn by the figures in Plates II and V, the stonework on the *Arch of Titus* and the façade of the Doges' Palace in the Windsor *capriccio*.) The text is spattered with misprints. The title-page is adorned with a coarse pen-drawing that Canaletto might be excused for disowning. But in spite of all shortcomings, the book has to be bought for Mr. Watson's introduction which contains a little new information and much that is difficult of access. The sober author provides a straightforward account of Canaletto's life and work based on the very latest researches in Venetian and British archives. He refrains from indulging in art criticism except to point out Canaletto's progressive failure to use his eyes. It must be admitted that the period of about twenty years that elapsed between his young impression of *The Islands of S. Cristoforo della Pace and S. Michele*, and the middle-aged pictographs that stand for vision in *The Thames with State Barges* represents a decline in his capacity, or wish, to record sensations. This decline now strikes us as regrettable. Mr. Watson is inclined to attribute the change in his style to the necessity to "develop a manner which could not only be rapidly carried out, but also readily taught to studio assistants" in order to deal with an increasing demand for his paintings. This may be part of the truth. But more profound causes of the "deterioration" as we now believe it to have been, might have emerged from an analysis of the parallel evolution of Venetian historical and mythological painting, of art criticism and of literature over the same years. It also seems to me that he attaches too much importance to Carlevarijs as the source of Canaletto's inspiration, and too little to Dutch views of buildings that he could have studied in Smith's palazzo in Venice as well as in British private collections. A tendency to treat Canaletto too exclusively as an incident in the history of Venetian *Vedute* painting instead of as part of the mainstream of European art, is the only serious objection to this decent essay. BENEDICT NICOLSON

NEW NOVELS

The Flowering Cross. By FRANCIS STUART. *Gollancz.* 9s.

The Jungle of Your Heart. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

Chinese White. By BURGESS DRAKE. *Falcon Press.* 9s. 6d.

Francis Stuart's *The Flowering Cross* is a cry from the catacombs, an offering from the "accepted hells beneath." Its subject is tears and infirmities, its theme is best stated in the words of its central character: "'There can be no love,' he was saying, 'but only love and pain. Out of love and pain comes tenderness.'" Round this text, Mr. Stuart has written a novel of remarkable imaginative power and intensity and of extremely uneven execution. Parts of it, the opening chapters especially, are magnificent. Elsewhere, under the influence of D. H. Lawrence the book seems emotionally forced and unreal.

Though the sense of environment dissolves as the human terms of reference widen, the setting in which the book opens—the prison of a mining town in N.E. France—is precise enough. Louis, a young Canadian sculptor, innocently involved in local strike disturbances, is thrown into gaol as a suspected agent. From the window of his cell, he sees a woman sitting alone while the other female prisoners are taking exercise. He writes to her, they meet and fall instantly in love. Louis is released and promises that when Alyse's sentence has expired, he will return and take her with him to Paris. Later, back in London, he learns that the girl is blind and that she has been imprisoned for stealing from a convent charity box.

Meanwhile, in trying to help a friend, Louis becomes involved with Melanie, a rich young woman "like a big pale scentless flower," who lives in a luxurious house off the Park and adores steeple-chasing. It is here that the Lawrentian influence is at work in Mr. Stuart. Both Melanie and her mother, Mrs. McCabe, a soft cat-like matron with a crooked smile and a mind twisted by selfishness, are ciphers, or rather, medieval

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tempters, eager to enfold Louis in luxury and dependence and turn him from the "naked purity of poverty and art" enshrined in his life with Alyse, a relationship that has given him a deeper sense of reality than he has experienced with any other woman. After a suicide and a partial betrayal, Louis realises his destiny and returns to Alyse. The reader takes leave of them "in their new communion, in fear, in apprehension, and with a great, gathering fulfilment."

In a bald summary like this, it is impossible to indicate what a moving novel *The Flowering Cross* is. As readers of his previous books, *Pillar of Cloud* and *Redemption*, will have discovered, Mr. Stuart has also been much influenced by Dostoevski and like Dostoevski, to quote E. M. Forster, his "characters and situations always stand for more than themselves; infinity attends them, though they remain individuals, they expand to embrace it and summon it to embrace them." Louis, Alyse, his friend Polensky, the diabolist doctor (more than a hint of Stavrogin here), Mrs. Polensky—they all, even in the book's worst patches, cast their shadows, their shapes of pity and terror. One reads on with excitement and it is only when re-reading the book that one is struck by periodic flickers of bathos.

If the Russian apocalyptic vision and the Lawrentian dark cult of the blood appear strangely and, at times, jarringly juxtaposed in this novel, a more serious drawback is its lack of physical context. While Melanie seems to exist through her externals, is, as it were, *in esse*, only because she is wearing jodhpurs and "stroking the flat, bony muzzle" of a horse, Louis and Alyse exist in a vacuum. The grimness of their poverty appears out of all relation to present-day realities, besides being deliberately accentuated and romanticised by the characters themselves. Louis's constant comparison of himself and Alyse to Modigliani and his mistress suggests that at moments Mr. Stuart has succumbed to a third and more deadly influence—Henri Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*.

Mr. Frank Tilsley, whose new novel is much inferior to its predecessors, is, as usual, seething with context. Though the scene fluctuates between a dim fictional London suburb and an undistinguished town on the South Coast, the slice of life presented in *The Jungle of Your Heart* seems to me far more scarifying in its own way than any of Mr. Stuart's contrived nightmares. Written in a kind of emotional basic English, this book has something of the architecture of a radio serial and much of the *ethos* of the "personal problems" page in a women's magazine.

The problem, in this case, is marital infidelity. Paul Gregson, a middle-aged traveller in tiled fireplaces, who, as the blurb succinctly remarks, "is disgusted with a society that seems to him to be deteriorating both ethically and materially," dislikes his wife Grace's having to manage a workers' café beneath their London flat and refusing to turn it into a smart little supper-place for the right people. At the same time, he begins taking an interest in his chief's secretary, one of those quasi-hard-boiled blondes with a smooth make-up and a modish coiffure for whom plate-glass and filing cabinets mean just another predatory arena. Out of this commonplace situation, the author has spun a novel of 320 pages which ends happily and abruptly for no other apparent reason than that its characters have exhausted every emotional cliché available.

Mr. Tilsley writes with a photographic and indiscriminative realism that registers Grace's every movement in the café: ("automatically she wiped the black and white-squared lino" . . . "She spoke lightly, scooping up the plums and custard she had made for the people who never ate pastry" . . . "Grace put an extra spoonful of sugar in the cup of coffee" . . .). He is also a keen believer in the unspoken thought as an aid to characterisation ("You couldn't guess at twenty, how you were going to feel at thirty—could you?") and an ardent practitioner of the Pavlov technique as an aid to emphasis. After he has referred three or four times to the "big yellow box of State Express" cigarettes that Paul takes with him on his nights out with Susan, the reader is in much the same condition as the professor's salivating dog whenever this philanderer's totem is proffered.

Chinese White, which deals with the relationship between a middle-aged British Intelligence officer and a dancing-girl in wartime Chungking, is a much better novel than its blurb and jacket would suggest. Mr. Burgess Drake writes with restraint and humour and succeeds in making his heroine enchanting without succumbing to any of those papilionaceous temptations that generally beset the Western novelist when confronted with Oriental womanhood. For all her fire and devotion, Hsaio Pai-Di remains a Chinese prostitute, a girl who shrills at her father like a bargee and makes liberal use of the spittoon at mealtimes. Mr. Drake has woven an excellent spy story into his central theme and also sketched out a fine rogues' gallery of Kuo-Min-Tang high-ups, ranging from Colonel Li, the general's male favourite, to Colonel Hsi, whose idea of allied co-operation is that British officers should smuggle him wrist-watches from India.

JOHN RAYMOND

FROM BADON TO SEDGEMOOR

The Battlefields of England. By LT. COL. A. H. BURNE. *Methuen.* 21s.

Having spent much of my childhood in the company of a mother who collected cottage china and an aunt who vigorously pursued bits of scenery that "composed" for her canvases, I was apprenticed early to the school which holds that expeditions on foot—or, for that matter, by car—should have a purpose. Walking may, indeed, be a healthy exercise; but how unrewarding the aimless "hike," how much richer in satisfactions the journey with an end in mind. To our purposeful sect Colonel Burne manifestly belongs. We have catholic tastes: some of us "collect" unexplored trout-lochs, others Roman roads or Norman rood-screens. His quarry is the battlefield—those sites, neatly scissor-marked by the Ordnance Survey, with which the map of England is studded; and since time, the green grass and (sometimes) the speculative builder have softened the places where Englishmen fought and died at home, he has produced a book which should give pleasure and profit to the least blood-thirsty rambler who has an interest in his country's past. The excitement with which the author admits he approaches a site of conflict is infectious.

I must not give the impression that this is a mere chatty guide-book to England's battlefields: Colonel Burne is not only an expert military commentator on strategy and tactics but a serious and painstaking historian who has dug deeply for his facts in the original sources. His reconstructions—obviously and admittedly conjectural in the case of that legendary battle at Mons Badonicus, where Arthur, the "Christian King" drove the pagan Saxons eastwards in A.D.500—are sometimes sharply at variance with the conclusions of earlier authorities, such as Sir James Ramsay. For me to say that he is always right would be presumptuous and rash; I make no claim to the specialised knowledge required for final judgment. But as one of the "average readers" for whom the book is written, I am entitled to say that Colonel Burne's deductions, tested by his pet formula *Inherent Military Probability*, strike me in general as convincing. He certainly makes better sense of such battles as Tewkesbury (1471) and Naseby (1645) than any account I have read before; and many will agree with Professor G. M. Trevelyan in endorsing his conclusion that the feigned flight of the Normans at Hastings was a most improbable military operation invented by Duke William's chroniclers to white-wash a real set-back before the Normans' final, victorious counter-attack.

Throughout the campaigns fought on English soil—the Wars of the Roses and the Civil War alike—tactics rather than strategy were the determining factor in victory. With the coming of artillery, against which armour was useless, mobility increased; but from Badon to Sedge-

moor the picture of English battles is broadly one of antagonists who sought each other out, deliberately deployed—on a frontage rarely longer than three or four modern farm fields—and "had a knock." There was marching and countermarching—often for distances and at speeds which must have called for extraordinary endurance on the part of the footmen—and there were races for tactical positions; but oddly little effort was made to exploit the element of surprise. Even that venturesome commander, Edward IV, was content to spend a whole night at Barnet—and a misty night at that—with Warwick's forces encamped vulnerably a few hundred yards away, just over the sky-line.

Yet decisions had on occasion to be taken which were essentially in the realm of strategy; and on several of Colonel Burne's battlefields the intelligent holiday-maker (who is supplied, by the way, with admirably clear sketch-maps to elucidate the text) will be tempted into deviations from the good Marxist interpretation of history. He will pose that tantalising "*If*," and ask himself how far different choices by individuals might have modified the results of the pressure of social forces. What would have happened to William's none too secure bridge-head at Hastings if Harold had had more of the mentality of Field Marshal Montgomery and waited for a better "build-up" before launching his premature offensive? Would the Old Order have been replaced by the ebullient Tudor period in quite the same way if that much maligned King, Richard III, had not relied so fatally on Stanley loyalty at Bosworth? Above all, what would have been the history of England if James IV of Scotland had pushed straight on for London, instead of standing on the defensive at Flodden Edge, or even if he had not departed from his original intention to await attack on the top of Branxton Hill? Such idle speculations are not Colonel Burne's concern; but his versions of what did happen, and why, are plausible and exciting.

A. V. Ross

TRADE UNION HISTORIES

The Lighted Flame, by NORMAN MCKILLOP. *Nelson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

London Trades Council, 1860-1950. A History, with a Foreword by JULIUS JACOBS *Lawrence Wishart.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

When an author is given the task of writing a commemorative history of some society or institution for the benefit of its members, the result is almost bound to be disappointing, either to those who have commissioned it or to the reading public. The author will probably please best those who have commissioned the volume by including large tracts of documentary materials, interspersed with memories of the pious founders and of those who have passed on the torch of leadership; and such material can hardly make good reading for anyone who is not closely concerned with the fortunes of the association that is being commemorated. On the other hand, if the author leaves out or heavily curtails such material and attempts to set the life of the association against the general background of the times through which it has passed, he will make a much better book but will probably disappoint those who have given him his marching orders. Most authors of Trade Union histories, confronted with this unhappy choice, take refuge in abundant documentation and eschew any attempt to relate the life of the Union whose history they are telling to events outside. The result, unavoidably, is jog-trot narrative, which does little really to enlighten even those who are best satisfied with the result.

This is the second time an author has attempted to tell the life story of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, and Mr. McKillop has not been much more successful than his predecessor in this field, Mr. Raynes. The history of the A.S.L.E. and F. since its foundation in 1880 has been largely one of successful competition with its older rival, the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, now the National Union of Railwaymen, in organising the footplate grades. It has been throughout a craft union, catering for a section of railway workers who have their own special problems and, to a large extent, their own separate line of promotion within the footplate department; and the leaders of the A.S.L.E. and F. have continuously stood out for the independence of the footplate grades and against the desire of the A.S.R.S., and latterly of the N.U.R., for an all-grades Union within which the drivers, firemen and cleaners would form a distinct department. At one time, the N.U.R. succeeded in attracting into its ranks a considerable proportion of the drivers. This was in the early days, after the A.S.R.S. had amalgamated with the other Railway Unions, at a time when Industrial Unionism was much in the air. Thereafter, the craft union was able to reassert its influence, and it has worked alternately in amicable association with its larger rival and in dissent. There have been times when locomotive men have considered that their quixotry in backing the other grades to the limit in the great railway struggle of 1919 have been ill-requited, and during the past year there has been a further example of lack of co-operative relationship between the two bodies. Mr. McKillop refers many times to relations with the A.S.R.S. and the N.U.R., but makes little attempt to give an account of their disputes or rival points of view. He sticks strictly to his last, and presents no picture at all of the general development of Trade Unionism in the railway world, much less as a whole. He does, on the other hand, give substantial attention to the development of locomotives and of the technical side of railway operation, and these technical sections, accompanied by many illustrations of engines of different dates, liven up his otherwise somewhat unenterprising narrative.

The author of the History of the London Trades Council, who remains anonymous, was faced both with the same difficulty as Mr. McKillop and with another hardly less formidable. He had to tell the story of a body which was much more important in its early days than it has been for a long time past. The London Trades Council, when it was set up in 1860 as the successor to a number of ephemeral predecessors going back almost to the beginning of the century, was for a time the nearest thing that existed to a central co-ordinating body for the whole Trade Union movement. The Trades Union Congress was not formally established until 1868, and was not fully representative for some time after that, and throughout the 1860s the leaders of the great amalgamated societies sat on and attended regularly the meetings of the London Trades Council and acted as arbiters on the appeals of bodies of workers from all over the country who had become involved in trade disputes and asked for help from other trades in standing out against their employers. When, however, the T.U.C. had become a nationally organised centre for the whole Trade Union movement, the London Trades Council necessarily lost much of its importance, and it also shared the fate of other local Trades Councils in finding its functions curtailed as the Trade Unions in particular trades and industries became more highly centralised and took much of the power out of the hands of local branches and District Committees. Largely deprived of its industrial functions, the London Trades Council became to an increasing extent a political body and played its part in the creation of the Labour Party, only to find itself once more relegated to a subordinate position after its political function had been taken over by a separate body, the London Labour Party. Thus, doubly shorn of power, the London Trades Council became little more than a debating centre for delegates from metropolitan branches of national Trade Unions, and even this function it had in due course to share with the separate local Trade Councils that sprang up in many parts of Greater London. These it made attempts to co-ordinate, but in recent times it never represented more than a fraction of the total number of Trade Unionists in the London area. Throughout, the Printing

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Trades have been its foremost supporters, no doubt partly because one of the most important Printing Trade Unions, the London Society of Compositors, is a purely metropolitan organisation.

The present history of the London Trades Council is distinctly better written than Mr. McKillop's book, and makes more attempt to travel outside the mere record of the Trade Council's activities and to assess its significance in relation to the wider movement. Its author cannot, however, make its not very important activities after its early days into a story of high interest. He has done his best with rather poor material, but at times betrays his lack of knowledge of the wider movement, particularly when he copies down wrongly names out of the Minutes. For example, Alfred Walton appears on page 11 as Alfred Watson, and Le Lubez turns up as le Leber on page 32. I think Charles Matkin on page 39 must be William Matkin; Karl Liebknecht, on page 58, should be Wilhelm Liebknecht; John Burnett, of the Engineers, turns up as R. Burnett on page 61, and on page 98 Crowsley of the "Don't Shoot" case in 1912, as Crowley.

G. D. H. COLE

JUSTICE IN ALABAMA

Scottsboro Boy. By HAYWOOD PATTERSON and EARL CONRAD. *Gollancz.* 16s.

The story of the Scottsboro Boys begins in 1931 with nine Negro lads "riding a freight train" in the State of Alabama. They fought with a similar group of White boys whom they finally pushed off the train. The White boys were not hurt, but they were White, and someone decided that these Negroes were "uppity" and needed a lesson. They were arrested and all charged with having raped two White girls on the train. All but one, who was aged thirteen, were tried and sentenced to death. The evidence would not have deceived a fair-minded jury for five minutes. Medical examination showed that the girls had had connections with men recently, but had not been raped. One of the girls admitted a little later that she had given false evidence to please the police. All the evidence against the Scottsboro Boys was torn to shreds by an honest judge on appeal; he was not re-elected to his post. This analysis, the only serious bit of judicial work in the entire appalling story, is given in all its repulsive detail in an appendix to this book. The total annihilation of the case against the Scottsboro Boys did not lead to their acquittal.

The confession of one of the girls, the integrity of one judge and the refusal of the Supreme Court to uphold a farcical trial in which, unconstitutionally, Negroes were debarred from the jury, meant, for the accused, years of imprisonment and repeated trials. In U.S., if an appeal is allowed on technical grounds, a re-trial follows—a more logical, if less convenient system than ours, in which a legal error allows the accused person his liberty without more ado. The eight Scottsboro Boys were kept in death cells for about eighteen months. They were repeatedly convicted in spite of the clearest evidence and the strenuous efforts of the International Labour Defence and the Scottsboro Campaign Committee. By the fourth trial, justice had been forgotten. It would be safe to say that no one who had considered the evidence, in or out of court, really believed in the guilt of the Scottsboro boys. They went on being convicted because the State of Alabama, like France at the time of Dreyfus, felt that its prestige demanded a conviction, and that to reverse the verdict and do justice would enable every Negro and every White friend of the Negroes to boast of a Black victory over a State which fears, deep down, that its past sins to Negroes may have a day of reckoning.

The agitation for the release of the Scottsboro Boys became world-wide. A useful timetable of events in the case is appended to this book. Four of the boys were released in July, 1937. Andrew Wright, Clarence Norris and Charles Weems, by now in their early thirties, were paroled in 1944 and Ozie Powell was released in 1946. Wright and Norris were repeatedly re-imprisoned as parole violators. In 1949 Wright was still in prison and a warrant was still out for the re-arrest of Clarence Norris. Haywood Patterson, the toughest, most intelligent and resolute of the Scottsboro Boys was never released at all; he escaped in 1949. The story is hair-raising. Patterson is not literate, but the book clearly represents his own words and feelings. The task of turning them into a book has been faithfully and skilfully performed by Earl Conrad.

The early chapters, which include the story of life in the death cells, where Patterson learnt to spell out scraps of the Bible, are intensely moving. But the bulk of the book is devoted to an account of Patterson's experiences in the prisons in which he was sentenced at his fourth trial to spend seventy-five years. It is enough to say that the story must be read to be believed, but that if it is read, it will be believed. It confirms what we already know of some prisons in the Deep South. Names of governors, wardens and fellow prisoners are frequently given and can be checked. There are not many detailed horror stories and none are coloured for effect. The brutality is stark, continuous and unrelieved. The horrible floggings are part of the daily routine. Few men seem to have actually died under them, though some were maimed for life. Homosexuality is part of every honest prison story; in Atmore State Farm it seems to be cultivated as a method of prison administration. One of Patterson's least forgettable remarks is that there is little exceptional about the Scottsboro case except the publicity it received. A careful consideration of the story compels one to believe this true. No doubt a faked charge of rape against nine boys at the same time is unusual, but just because it was unusual it brought publicity. It seems clear enough, however, that any individual Black youth who fell foul of an influential White could be so falsely accused and that, once accused, he would be unlikely to find justice. My hope is that the publication of this remarkable book will lead to a successful movement for prison reform in the South.

The story is told with a minimum of passion. The relations of wardens to prisoners, the corruption, the systematic and continuous cruelty, the utter callousness of the State and the officials, whose only concern is to get the maximum of work out of every prisoner before he dies, inevitably remind one of Dachau and Belsen. (The most important difference is that there are no gas ovens in Alabama and that the scale of cruelty and murder and corruption is much less extensive.) Patterson is careful to mention any act of justice—he cannot, I think, recall any act of mercy—with which he met during his sixteen years of life in American penitentiaries and prison farms. The reader must be warned against the Vansittartite error of assuming that the sadism, which is described here as continuous in Alabama prisons, is typical of America in the Southern States. It may even be that many White citizens of the State do not know anything of conditions in Atmore State Prison Farm. Germans who lived within five miles of Belsen said the same thing. At one time an agitation about the treatment of prisoners led to the passage of a law in the Alabama House of Representatives forbidding flogging as practised at Atmore. Patterson mentions that the guards told the prisoners of this, ghoulishly adding (as it proved, correctly) that the Act was passed merely to stop agitation and that it would not have the slightest effect in practice. The ghastly lashings continued as before. The story, however, proves my point that many White Southern Americans would not wish the conditions of Atmore to continue. The pressure for reform now comes from Southern as well as Northern opinion. The poor White, or "Cracker," no longer rules the roost in Dixie.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

REVOLUTIONARY STUDIES

Studies in Revolution. By E. H. CARR. *Macmillan.* 9s. 6d.

In the course of one of those gently magisterial rebukes which he occasionally delivers to the Russian revolutionaries whom he has adopted for historical study, Professor Carr observes, "The first critics of Hegel perceived clearly the dilemma of finding any criterion of what is rational other than what in fact succeeds." This criticism of Stalin's early writings applies with even greater force to *Studies in Revolution*. In the past, Professor Carr has entertained us all by poking fun at those idealists who try to base their political theory either on natural law or democratic principle. Power, he concluded in his *Twenty Years' Crisis*, is the objective fact of politics, and the conclusion of that brilliantly destructive book was that Hitler's success should be appeased. Very soon after 1941, Professor Carr observed correctly that the main result of the second world war would be the emergence of Russia as the greatest European power, and once again his advice has been to "come to terms with realities." Professor Carr is a fellow-traveller, in a very special sense of that word. He believes that it is the task of statesmanship to accommodate national policy to revolutionary facts, and that this demands an understanding of the theory of each convulsion, the French, the Nazi, and the Bolshevik revolutions. Only when each is understood objectively and on its own terms can we decide what to do about it.

In a period when policies are too often derived from popular hysteria, there is a good deal to learn from the attitude of detached sympathy with the main enemy, which pervades the sketches of a number of European revolutionary Socialists of which this book consists. To understand the present policies of the Kremlin, one must certainly try to see men like Saint-Simon, Proudhon, Plekhanov and even Sorel not as independent figures in the history of European civilisation, but as precursors of Russian Communism, and to study them on the supposition that their destiny was simply to play a role in the development of Leninist-Stalinism. For a Western European to view the history of political thought since 1848 as a process of dialectical development, culminating in the works of Joseph Stalin, demands a considerable feat of academic imagination. It is just this considerable feat which Professor Carr has accomplished.

It is as well to remember, however, that this feat of imagination involves a continuous distortion of fact. It is of course not true that in Western Europe, for instance, the proletarian revolution is bound to follow the bourgeois revolution. There is another stream of history, in which bourgeois capitalism has been gradually transformed not into imperialism but into the democratic welfare state, and it would therefore be just as objective to view these self-same Socialist thinkers as precursors of Scandinavian and British Socialism, or even—to reach the full antithesis of Professor Carr's position—of the American Fair Deal. This too would be a distortion of fact, but no greater than that which Professor Carr commits in projecting the history of European thought in purely Russian categories. Indeed, real objectivity demands the ability to make both these projections, and the failure of *Studies in Revolution* is that it seems tacitly to assume that one projection is true (i.e. successful) and the other Utopian (i.e. a failure).

The defects of Professor Carr's method are seen very clearly in the following paragraph on Lassalle:

> Lassalle was by this time a patriotic Prussian as well as a sincere socialist; and it was a result of his policy that henceforth—and not in Prussia alone—a man could profess himself a good socialist and a good patriot. The national State was to become an instrument promoting, within the limits of the capitalist system, the welfare of the masses; in return the masses would become imbued with patriotic loyalty to the national State. Both these unspoken terms of the alliance were significant. If the Bismarck-Lassalle conversations foreshadowed the social-service State, they also foreshadowed the birth of "jingoism" and sharpened the edge of nationalism by making it an interest of the masses as well as of the middle class. The field of international discord was now conterminous with the whole nation. The way was open for the coming not only of the totalitarian State, but of total war.

On this there are two comments to be made. In the first place, Professor Carr assumes that, in the absence of the Communist revolution, the national State can only promote social welfare *within the limits of capitalism*. As a statement of Communist theory, this would be irreproachable. But Professor Carr coolly lays it down as an objective fact. In the second place he rightly observes that the totalitarian State and total war *can* arise out of the combination of Western nationalism and Socialism, but he omits to add that they can equally be the final development of the Communist revolution. Such an omission would be pardonable if he were describing the Communist view of Lassalle, instead of purporting to give us an objective judgment on his influence in European history.

The fact is that, in immunising himself against the dogmatic and airy-fairy idealism which infects so much Western democratic theory, Professor Carr has fallen victim to an equally dangerous disease. If you base your political judgments on the tacit assumptions (1) that success is the criterion of right and wrong; (2) that Socialism cannot be genuine unless it is revolutionary, and (3) that capitalism can never be transformed except by the dictatorship of the proletariat, then you are bound to accept either a hard-boiled Hobbesian cynicism or a determinist position not unlike that of the Stalinites. What started as a valuable experiment in academic empathy becomes the detached acceptance of what you set out to examine and to criticise.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

VICTORIAN POETRY

The Darkling Plain. By JOHN HEATH-STUBBS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

There is hardly an orphaned cliché in the literary criticism of the last thirty years that Mr. Heath-Stubbs has not enthusiastically adopted. Many of them appear to be the rash offspring of Dr. Leavis or the more judiciously arrived at children of Mr. Eliot. It is not so much their use that is questionable as their indiscriminate application. An ominous note is struck at once: "with the 'Thirties and 'Forties a quality of fustiness fell upon English Poetry which we can only characterise (perhaps we are prejudiced) as peculiarly Victorian." If we are prejudiced, it is about time we got over it.

Mr. Heath-Stubbs's argument is that the original insight of the early Romantic poets was lost and that later poets of the nineteenth century suffered from a "failure of nerve"—there was a gap between their intellectual convictions and their intuitive beliefs. If this argument be stated temperately there is nothing unreasonable about it. The single confident voice that reassures Wordsworth soon fades into the two nagging voices that pursue Tennyson. Many of the nineteenth-century poets appear to have withdrawn into dream-worlds of their own creation, like Rossetti. The only alternative to such withdrawal seemed to be an arid melancholia in Arnold; wistful agnosticism as in Clough, despairing atheism in James Thomson. So much for the tragedy. Who are the villains? Mr. Heath-Stubbs, eagerly fingering his paraphernalia of "divided sensibility," "sense of life" and "modern psychology" (whose anyway?), answers, Tennyson and Browning: men of considerable powers, but "essentially dishonest" in their whole attitude. These two appear at the beginning of each chapter of *The Darkling Plain* only to be angrily dismissed as hardly typical of the century, far better represented by

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those fine poets, Coventry Patmore and James Thomson. No attempt is made to discuss the limitations in their work, or to decide how far their attitude towards some of the central problems of their time was consciously or unconsciously "dishonest." This general refusal to grapple with actual texts results in aggressive and untidy generalisations :

> The purely decorative parts of *The Idylls of the King*, the opening of *The Lotos Eaters*, *The Lady of Shallott*, *Mariana*—all of them essentially paintings in words or pieces of lovely tapestry—these are the poems of Tennyson which give most complete satisfaction.

Surely to any responsive person the poems of *In Memoriam*, the lyrics from *The Princess*, classical idylls such as *Tithonus* or *The Death of Tiresias*, the poem on Virgil or *Ave Atque Vale* give as much satisfaction as the more decorative parts of *The Idylls of the King*? Then there are facile remarks of this order : "There seems to be little or no evidence in Browning's poetry of the social evils and disruption of his time." This remark is not expanded, nor does Mr. Heath-Stubbs explain why a poet should be automatically penalised for not writing about "social evils."

Mr. Heath-Stubbs's historical obtuseness is clear from his exaggeration of Victorian "disruption." The greater sensitivity to social and moral evil that we find in, for example, Baudelaire and the Flaubert of *Bouvard et Pécuchet* is to some extent accounted for by the greater instability of Continental institutions. While our first concern now is often with *ad hoc* solutions to moral and social problems, the Victorians teased themselves a good deal with underlying principles. These principles may appear shadowy enough to us ; but it is a mistake to imagine that they were invariably a subtle means for evading direct action. They did not suppress their intuitions of "disruption" to avoid moral discomfort; they expressed them, though only in a muffled form, in their verse.

The Darkling Plain raises an interesting question, but only partly answers it. What were the reasons for this failure of Romantic intuition to provide a discipline as well as a stimulus ? Although they derive from the Romantic poets, the Victorians do not impress us as consolidating a position. The type of intuition received from *The Prelude*, or from the best work of Shelley, was not able to support the nineteenth-century poet through a period of changing values. What was really needed was a firm intellectual structure. Only Coleridge perhaps, "myriad-minded" but rarely single-minded, could have ensured moral concentration for his successors.

Yet in its last phase Romanticism produced a poet who may be thought of as the equal of Wordsworth, one in whom the whole tradition is nobly embodied. Mr. Heath-Stubbs recognises Yeats's debt to the Aesthetic Movement, but makes very little of his debt to the poets of "The Cheshire Cheese," who are decidedly *personae non gratae* on the Darkling Plain. Instead there are the familiar snarling generalisations about "a series of hardly profound conversions" to Catholicism. (There were actually, to the best of my knowledge, three conversions among the poets of the 1890's : Wilde, in 1900, shortly before he died ; Alfred Douglas, ten or fifteen years later, and Lionel Johnson after hard study of the Fathers and the claims of the Church of England. One can dismiss the work of a devout person on the ground of its failure as poetry. But unless it fails in a particular way, unless it is blatantly sentimental and false, I do not see that by the poetry alone one can question the validity of the religious experience.) No one is going to pretend that the Yellow Book period was anything more than an escapade in the history of English poetry ; but it was an escapade coloured by charm, and in some cases by dignity and learning. In Yeats we find not merely the discipline of style, which these victims of "absinthe and absolution" succeeded occasionally in imposing, but also a moral discipline. Yeats himself acknowledged that it was from Johnson, Dowson and Symons that he "learned his trade"; yet all they receive from Mr. Heath-Stubbs is a page of curt misstatement.

The faults of this book are serious and peculiarly irritating because Mr. Heath-Stubbs might have done so much better. He is always admirable on poets whom he likes, on Darley's *Nepenthe*, on Hood, Hawker and Tennyson-Turner. But the faults result from his critical method. Not merely is judgment pronounced time and again without supporting evidence, but it is pronounced with a fatal complacency of tone that seems to indicate : "these people knew a bit perhaps, but we know much more," or "some of these fellows aren't so bad, after all they produced US."

IAIN FLETCHER

GRAMMAR OR MODERN

Testing School Children. By WILLIAM STEPHENSON. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

The English secondary school system is organised in the belief that it is possible to grade children at the age of eleven into Grammar, Technical and Secondary Modern types. Who actually holds that belief at the present day it is not easy to say. The members of the Norwood Committee did, and they were of the opinion that eleven-year-old children could be classified in terms of different aptitudes rather than of varying degrees of intelligence. But it is much easier to find people who do not believe it possible to pigeon-hole children at such an early age. Among them must be included nearly every parent whose child is not reckoned worthy of a grammar school education. Also among the disbelievers must be counted the author of this book, who, as Director of the Institute of Experimental Psychology at Oxford, has had unusual opportunities for seeing how selection for secondary schools works out in practice. He finds that it just doesn't work out at all, that the sooner we get rid of the system and swing over whole-heartedly to comprehensive schools the better, that the testers, examiners and interviewers can really do no more than make a poor best of a very bad job, and that the Ministry of Education's advice on methods of selection will merely turn that poor best into something worse.

Dr. Stephenson has two main reasons for holding these strong views. The first is that eleven is too early an age for assessing special abilities; they do not appear, at any rate to a measurable degree, until later, and even then they are as likely to be the product of environment as to be innate. His second reason is that he does not believe it possible to devise tests which will reveal innate capacity and nothing else. This is where he throws the cat among the pigeons, for the whole *raison d'être* of intelligence tests is that they should do, or come near to doing, just that. "Tests of English and of arithmetic, based on widely disseminated knowledge and not on any narrow specialisation of these subjects," he writes, "measure intelligence as soundly as any ordinary Intelligence Test does." He goes further and claims that he has found a wit and a clearness of thinking in boys attending a good preparatory day school which is formed by the school, and which the no less innately intelligent children from primary schools have not got. To anyone familiar with the history of intelligence tests this must appear a colossal statement.

The Ministry's suggestion is that a combination of the teacher's estimate and an intelligence test should be the basis of selection. Most authorities have also been using English and arithmetic tests. But what solution does Dr. Stephenson offer? He provides at the end of his book a battery of tests for estimating general ability. These, he says, will pick out the top-line pupils. There remain the border-line cases who will be further tested by specially trained teachers working in pairs along with a trained psychologist. Even so, ability and aptitude alone are not enough; some account of the child's growing personality is necessary, and that is primarily a matter for the psychologist. So, in effect, the advice is : leave it to the psychologist.

I am not at all happy about this. It is the "border-line" cases who count in this business; the others select themselves. But here it is the psychologists who are to settle the border-line cases. As it is those very psychologists who for years have been talking, writing and testing "intelligence," and as intelligence is "an empty concept in itself which we don't even measure in practice" according to this author, I don't quite see that his solution is one we can readily accept.

This is not a tidy book. On one page we read the statement I have just quoted; on another that tests of intelligence have proved their reliability over and over again. Instances of this self-contradiction are numerous enough to make us wonder whether the author really knows exactly what he does mean. And yet the present condition of education in England gives this book an importance beyond its merits. It does make us wonder whether mental tests, as they are now used, do not destroy more talent and aptitudes than they ever bring to fruition. Fortunately most education authorities have a system of re-assessment at the age of thirteen. Dr. Stephenson gives them no credit for that.

HUNTER DIACK.

ESCAPE THROUGH FRANCE

I Walked Alone. By THE EARL OF CARDIGAN. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

Captured before Dunkirk, the Earl of Cardigan was more fortunate than the majority of his fellow-prisoners : he spent only a month inside The Cage. This was in Boulogne, June 1940. Then, while in transit to a more permanent camp, he jumped from the back of a prison lorry during a temporary halt (he later learnt that he made his escape within a few hundred yards of his destination) and began his lone journey through Occupied and Unoccupied France to the Pyrenees. Two months hard walking brought him to the Spanish border. Once across the border he was again taken prisoner and spent a disagreeable period in various Spanish jails until, through intervention by the British Government, he was set free at the Gibraltar boundary and subsequently repatriated.

Ten years later, he tells his story in diary form, a haphazard diary written-up from notes made at the actual time. It is story of amazing good luck—from the moment when he slipped, undetected, over the tail-board of the stationary lorry to the moment when, on friendly soil at last, he missed death from a bomb which wiped out three brother officers who had also worked their way from a German prison camp. The narrative reads at times like a history of happ coincidences : everywhere he was satiated wit

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good fortune. Farmers, tramps, refugees, all gave him more than they could afford—food, wine, clothes, the use of a bed, local knowledge and, most important, a restored faith in the essential goodness of ordinary people. Even the enemy went out of his way to be of service: on one occasion a German major stopped his staff car and offered him a welcome lift (the irony of the situation was fully enjoyed by the Author); and the few sentries who challenged his identity showed little initiative or interest. In the end, this recurrent generosity, given freely and always at considerable risk, tends to rob the story of suspense (certainly few novelists would dare to introduce so many Good Samaritans into a tale of this kind), but this is not fiction, and it cannot be judged by the number of thrills it produces. The account of the journey through France is told objectively, without heroics and makes good reading. It is only in the closing chapters, when the author describes the time he spent in a Spanish jail (which housed Spanish political prisoners as well as the remnants of the various Allied armies) that one begins to long for some attempt to interpret the individual experience in universal terms. The diary form could have given new life to a story that, in its bare outline is reasonably familiar; but here the undertones are neglected—there is no revaluation, no summing-up. The writing is competent enough, but ten years after the event one looks for, and perhaps has a right to expect, something more than competent reportage. If one recalls a book such as Koestler's *Dialogue with Death*, these final chapters give an impression of smugness.

BRYAN FORBES

Northcliffe in History. By TOM CLARKE. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Pardonable, say even admirable, in a biographer, partisanship is carried by Mr. Clarke in his study of Northcliffe almost to the point of idolatry. He has no doubt that his hero's "importance in history is now beyond challenge," or that the creator of *Answers*, *Comic Cuts* and the *Daily Mail* was a genius to whose vision we owe a popular press which has become "a pillar of Democracy as necessary as Parliament." Readers of Mr. Clarke's pages may disagree with this rhapsodic judgment. That Northcliffe made a mark on Fleet Street is indisputable; but, though he was an innovator, the era of tabloid news, the "human angle," newspaper stunts and the whole gamut of artificial press excitement over the trivialities of sex, money and crime would have dawned unfailingly without him. Politically, the first of the modern Press Barons was an insignificant figure; and, in terms of history, he did not so much influence as reflect the times in which he lived—the heyday of the Little Man. Northcliffe was a schoolboy who never quite grew up: he was inquisitive, mischievous to the point of cruelty, absurd in his passionate enthusiasms, his batteries of telephones, his Napoleonic conduct of his newspaper campaigns. Yet, up to the tragic "sideways" ending, when megalomania degenerated into madness and death, he was capable of generous sympathy for the under-privileged and of righteous wrath against authority abusing his power. In some ways the most interesting additions which Mr. Clarke makes to our knowledge of an erratic, emotional and yet shrewd exploiter of the mass-mind are his notes on Northcliffe, not despotic in Carmelite House, but bird-watching in Surrey or fishing in Canada, reduced to the stature of *l'uomo qualunque* whose self-appointed megaphone he made himself—with fatal consequences to his own sense of proportion and reality.

The British Family of Nations. By JOHN COATMAN. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

We too often think of the Balfour Declaration and the Statute of Westminster as ends and not beginnings and it is good to be reminded how the outline of the Statute of 1931 has been filled in by the flexible and *ad hoc* machinery of the last twenty years. The sixth-form pupils of Manchester Grammar School, to whom this book is dedicated, should also be stimulated by it to consider the future of Imperial relationships in the light of the political development of the Colonies and the growing importance of the separate Dominions in world affairs. Professor Coatman's sketch of economic conditions within the Empire gives useful background to his constitutional account, but is deprived of perspective by its lack of illustrative figures. The book, although written with a lively sense of the might-have-beens of history, remains straightforwardly didactic and seems irritatingly complacent until we realise that the author sees *it* as a counter-attack, a protection of his pupils from the seductions of Communism or of American anti-Imperialism. And although he believes in an unnaturally happy family, he does not over-simplify its relationships nor gloss over its potential differences of opinion. He may pronounce that "abstract expressions such as imperialism, subjection, exploitation . . . are irrelevant in the post-war world" but does not deny the serious implications of, *e.g.*, the Nationalists' native policy in South Africa nor of the Kashmir dispute, nor does he fail to explain lucidly the present status of Eire and of India *vis-à-vis* the Commonwealth and the Crown.

Youth Hostel Story. By OLIVER COBURN. *National Council of Social Service.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Everyone up to the age of twenty-one now takes Youth Hostels as much for granted as waterworks, pawnshops, or public conveniences. But to those seniors who remember the difficulty, when they went on walking or bicycling tours, of finding a bed and breakfast they could afford, the hostels are something to be consciously pleased about—for their children's sake, if no longer for their own. The idea of youth hostels in Britain was linked with the idea of the National Trust, and the same people—notably, Dr. G. M. Trevelyan—were active in both movements. The hostels have always been regarded by those who run them as far more than a material convenience: they are the channel through which boys and girls of all classes can reach the deeper pleasures of our mountains, moors and sea-coasts, our cathedrals and villages and great houses. Duties and responsibilities towards the countryside have always been stressed. And now, in lively, and chatty style, we have the story of the movement, impressions of hostellers, discussions of policy. From under 80 hostels in 1931 to nearly 3,000 to-day; hostels converted from cyder-mills, cottages, mansions, farms and hotels, and the Governor's House at Carisbrooke; even hostels built specially as hostels. The book describes and illustrates all types: it is at once a guide, a handbook, and a chapter of social history.

The House by the Medlar Tree, Enid Mosbacher's translation of Verga's *I Malavoglia*, which was the subject of Mr. Pritchett's Books in General last week, is published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson (10*s.* 6*d.*).

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,070

Set by Thomas Smallbones.

Reports have recently appeared in the press of the sixty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Channel Tunnel Co., Ltd. Competitors are invited to send in a report, suitable for publication in *The Times*, of the annual meeting of an imaginary company founded to promote any other desirable, but at the moment impracticable, scheme. Limit (which must be strictly observed) 200 words. Entries by August 29th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,067

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (limit 200 words) from a contemporary *Golden Ass.*

Report by Richard Lister

I cannot pretend that this competition, which looked to me promising enough on paper, was a great success. It tempted a far smaller number of competitors than usual. Perhaps fewer people than I had realised have been lucky enough to come across and enjoy this scandalously entertaining book (now available as a Penguin). Of those who did know it, few, frankly, managed to make much of it. I had hoped to see the Ass led somehow into the comic underside of our civilisation: at a fake medium's meeting perhaps, or at a Holiday Camp, or at a meeting of the Corpun Association; among nudists, or lettuce and carrot eaters; at a fun fair or even a literary cocktail party. Luckily the old stalwarts came to the rescue and the prize-winners are taken from among them. Two guineas to Edward Blishen and a guinea each to the other four printed.

I had trotted up and down the sea-front with children on my back so often that I knew every inch of that accursed promenade. To make things worse, my master pretended that under the Rationing (Donkeys) Act I was allowed only a pound of oats a day.

One day a number of men approached my master. "I'm from Scotland Yard," I heard one of them declare. "We have reason to believe that this donkey is, in fact, a man bewitched. If he is, I can act as a representative of the Missing Persons Department. But if he's not, I can't."

"I'm from the R.S.P.C.A.," said a second man. "We've heard that this animal is being ill-treated. Now, if he is an animal, I can proceed against you, his owner. But if he is not, it seems I can't."

A third man spoke. "I'm protecting the interests of the Union of Occultists," he said. "If this animal is a man bewitched, my clients, whose aim is to keep necromancy within such decent bounds as befit the twentieth century, deny all responsibility."

I didn't like the joyful glint in my master's eye as he responded to these addresses by saying, "Well, guys, it looks a proper hinter-departmental deadlock, if I may say so!"

EDWARD BLISHEN

I was not sorry to see the last of the sands, which were always either wet and muddy or so dry and sharp that they filled my nose and ears (no mean feat, as you will imagine!) and chafed my legs until it became impossible for me to maintain my necessarily docile, professional appearance.

Crossing the promenade morning and evening, the times varying according to the tide, I had become accustomed to the ribald comments of Wakes-week crowds, and sometimes felt cheered by their sympathy. The heaviest trial had been my riders: not the fat ladies—even those wearing red bathing-costumes like the comic postcards, they were rare, and in any case did not long stay mounted—no, it was the small boys, the horrid little beasts. How I hated their roughness and heels and bony knees. The way they dragged at my bit just before they fell round my neck and then dropped kicking under my forelegs made me writhe in sorrow that my transformation had exposed me to such indignities.

My new master, a rag-and-bone merchant, paid thirty shillings less for me than Jimmy Bates had paid.

L. V. BENARELL

Now when Lydia was alone she would go often to the enchanted box that stood in her dwelling; and, saying "Sweet Singer, give voice!" she would straightway hear those liquid tones, and be glad. And she would say to her husband, when he returned betimes, "To-day I have heard the Sweet Singer again." But he would oft-times reply, "Sooth, I think him not so sweet."

And so he brought into the house of Lydia, his wife, yet another enchanted box; and lo! when she said, "Sweet Singer, I would see thee," he who had so charmed her ears straightway appeared. And he was of a most ill-favoured mien, being burdened with flesh, so that the sweetness of his voice seemed less than the grossness of his countenance. Wherest, Lydia said, "In truth, I think that the Sweet Singer hath a somewhat harsher voice than I had formerly supposed."

Then was her husband secretly glad because of the words that she spake; and laughed in his heart for that his wife's vision, being cheated of hoped-for pleasure, communicated its disappointment to her hearing, so that sense was confounded by sense.

G. J. BLUNDELL

Listen, Lucius, said my master, for I must educate you. We must all work harder than ever before, and that means all of us, not only the asses but also the cormorants, tapeworms and vultures. I shall be working very hard myself, not only driving you, but at the same time calculating in my head how little hay you can do with. You must eat less while you work more, because you are living on hay which I have had to

borrow—are you not ashamed of yourself?—and that cannot go on, I cannot tell you why, and if I could, I would not.

At this point my master was interrupted by the delivery of a telegram. His face cleared when he read it. Lucius my boy, he said, cancel my previous bulletin, Master, I cried, what does it say! Am I saved? Well, not exactly, said he, but I am. We're in the Army now, and in the Army, nobody pays. AGIE

" Come," said they, " let us break into this miser's house. Him will we club and, if any question us, departing, we are costermongers and barrowboys faring marketwards, as witness this ass."

This and other cruel robberies committed, we sought the seacoast, they considering it jest to ride a donkey-cart and thumping my ribs merrily. But Fortune which overturneth all things, overset the cart, brake my harness and cast my masters headlong. Whom leaving for dead, I escaped, only to be caught by feigned Egyptians which, after despitefully using me, chaffered my poor hide to a priest's wife.

On a day my mistress, coming forth, ware a hat bedight with fair roses. Albeit harnessed, I seized the same with my hairy lips and devoured it. To my assy taste it was good eating, being straw: but those filthy and fallacious flowers proved, not very roses, but paper. Well whipt, I was sold to one that kept certain unfortunates, my brothers, for children's riding on the sands. Here beheld I such impudent lubricities I wondered not the poets fabled Venus a sea, nay a seaside, goddess. R. J. P. HEWISON

CHESS: Knight-in-the-box

No. 50

Some of the more serious-minded chessplayers being still on holiday and others battling at the Buxton Congress, they might all welcome a little relaxation with one of the more frivolous offshoots of our game. " Losing chess," of course, is well enough known to have developed quite a theory of its own. It is by no means as easy as it looks to be the first to lose all one's pawns and pieces (including the K.). No less amusing is an ordinary game of chess with the proviso that before every move the dice decide how many successive moves the player is allowed. Throws above 3 should be ruled out (and either repeated or counted as 1) since, obviously, too much of a good thing would make matters ludicrous rather than funny. Even so, each player must strive to keep his K so safely entrenched that he cannot possibly be mated if the opponent should throw a 3 before his next move.

A more subtle form of relaxation at the chessboard has been suggested by Kurt Richter. He calls it the *Taschenspringer*, the idea being that each player, in an otherwise normal game, carries one of his knights in his pocket, entitled at any time (in lieu of an ordinary move) to put that Kt on any vacant square. I think, it might be an improvement to use a third Kt to the same purpose, rather than spoil the opening by the mutual odds of one Kt. Here is a practical experience reported by Richter. It is White's move, and obviously he could mate at once by popping " his knight-in-the-box " on to KB7, if this square were vacant. So he played Q x Kt, and Black promptly fell for it by retaking with his BP. Since it no longer involved a capture White could now mate with his " pocket-knight." Of course, Black should have retaken with his RP. He needn't have been afraid of R-R3ch as he still had his own " knight-in-the-box " to interpose at R2. Readers, still frivolously inclined, might like to be reminded that the great Sam Lloyd used to indulge in jokes such as this one. It's a " mate in 1." Yet, none of the more obvious moves is any good. Neither of the rooks or knights, nor the B nor indeed the Q will do the trick, the " key-move " being P x Kt, promoted to either B or Q.

That trifle of the great problemist was " composed " in 1860. Eight years later he concocted this even more frivolous little piece. He called it " *Who* is to mate in 4? " Obviously White can't do it. But Black's solitary P (on the move) can quite comfortably do the trick.

Enough of such frivolous levity! Here, for the benefit of our more serious-minded readers and eager competitors, are two grimly tough nuts to crack, each

A: R. Reti

B: W. Czechover, 1949

of them rating 6 points and fully worth it. A is one of Reti's best studies. White to move and win. B—White to move and draw—is probably the more difficult one. It has been called " an accomplished work of art " by the Jury awarding it a prize, and none less than M. M. Botvinnik said that it is " probably the most ingenious piece of recent years."

Usual prizes. Entries by August 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 29

A: (1) R-R5 ch, K x R, (2) Kt-B4 ch, K-R3, (3) P-Kt8 (Kt) ch, K-R2, (4) Kt(Kt8)-B6ch, K-R3, (5) Kt x Kt P ch, K-R2, (6) Kt (K8)-B6 ch, K-Kt2, (7) Kt-K6 ch, K-B2, (8) P-Q8 (Kt) ch, K-K2, (9) P-B8 (Kt) mate.

B: (1) P-B7, Kt-Kt2, (2) P-B8 (R), Kt x P, (3) R-B5, Kt-Kt2, (4) R-B6 mate.

C: (1) R-K Kt3, P queens, (2) R-Kt5 ch, P-Kt4, (3) R-Kt6, P-Kt5, (4) R-Kt5, mate. (If (2) . . . Q-Kt4, (3) R-KB5!)

Many competitors stumbled over A, others took B rather too lightly, ignoring some of its subtleties. Prizes shared by M. Kaye, T. M. Reid, R. Russell, G. Watson, Ph. Wright. ASSIAC

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

" TELEPATHY and Human Personality," by Dr. J. B. Rhine; " Gandhi Was a Saint," by Lin Yutang; " The Earth, Man and the Cosmos," by Sir Richard Gregory, F.R.S.; " Psychologists Face a Crisis," by Kenneth Walker, and other interesting articles appear in the Summer No. of " Rider's Review," now on sale. Editor: Philip Butler. 72 pages. 2s. 6d. quarterly from all bookstalls or 10s. 6d. a year post free from Desk 22, Rider & Co., 47 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

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SCHOOLS and Careers. Parents and others desiring information regarding schools and careers for boys should consult The Public and Preparatory Schools Year Book, 1950. This is the official book of the Headmasters' Conference and of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools. It gives detailed and up-to-date information about all the public and preparatory schools, with a section of practical guidance on careers and the qualifications and preparations for these, and is obtainable through any bookseller or from the publishers, A. & C. Black, Ltd., Soho Square, London, W.1, price 15s., by post 15s. 10d. Similar information for girls is given in The Girls' School Year Book, 1950, price 12s. 6d., by post 13s. 2d.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MARKET Garden one acre Sussex, glass 680 sq. ft., frames 738 sq. ft., rotary hoe, £500. Box 8446.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Lectureship in Psychology. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Psychology (including Experimental Psychology). Salary £800 to £1,100, or £1,100 to £1,300 according to qualifications and experience, with F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowances. The University pays a proportion of furniture removal expenses. The term of appointment will be one duty on a date to be arranged. Applications should reach the Secretary to the University (from whom forms of application and conditions of appointment may be obtained) not later than September 15, 1950. H. J. Butchart, Secretary, The University, Aberdeen.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Malaya and Singapore. Social Welfare Officer (women) required for general welfare duties including training of locally recruited officers and supervision of their work. Post is on agreement for three years first instance. Salary scale £573—£1,218 a year. Cost of living allowance. Quarters at low rental. Free passages. Income tax at local rates much lower than those in United Kingdom. Candidates must be unmarried, preferably between 26 and 35, graduates or holders of diplomas or certificates in social science. Experience as Children's Officers or in rural development desirable. Further particulars and application forms obtainable on written request to Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, quoting 27259/24.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments in grade of Principal Scientific Officer at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, nr. Didcot, Berks, to take charge of a small group engaged in problems of heat transfer, and special problems arising in the development of nuclear energy for power purposes, involving design of special experimental apparatus. Programme offers considerable opportunity for original work. Candidates must have a 1st or 2nd Class honours degree in mechanical or electrical engineering, or equivalent and have had several years' experience in an engineering laboratory, with responsibility for experimental and development work. Candidates must have been born on or before August 1, 1919. Inclusive salary scale (men) £910–£1,177. Rates for women somewhat lower. Posts carry benefits under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting 3335. Completed applications must be returned by September 7, 1950.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Programme Assistant in the School Broadcasting Department, principally to assist in the preparation and presentation of News Commentaries and Current Affairs programmes. Ability to work quickly is essential, and experience of journalism and/or teaching an additional qualification. Salary is in a scale rising by £40 p.a. to £690 maximum p.a. Applications must be made on the prescribed form which can, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1. For reply please enclose stamped addressed envelope. Correspondence should be marked "Schools News N. Stm." The closing date for the receipt of application forms is three weeks from the date of this insertion.

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from women with suitable training and experience for three positions for welfare work in connection with the moral welfare of school children. Candidates should have had training and experience in moral welfare work. A degree or diploma in social science is desirable. The successful candidates will have the status of assistant organisers of children's care work and as opportunity offers may be required to participate in the general children's care work. Salary £375 × £25—£500 a year. There is a limited number of higher posts in the main field of children's care work which are normally filled by promotion. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (ED/Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), should be returned not later than August 28, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies. (1071)

NATIONAL Health Service Act, 1946. Shelton Mental Hospital, Shrewsbury Group 15 Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited from candidates with a degree in Sociology or Social Science or Certificate for the post of Assistant Social Worker at Shelton Mental Hospital, for a period of twelve months from October, 1950, to work under the supervision of the Psychiatric Social Worker. The applicant will have opportunity for work both in the Hospital and at Out-Patient Clinics, and the post is suitable for persons wishing to gain practical experience before applying to take the Mental Health Course. Salary £300 per annum, non-resident, and the post is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, 1950. Applications, stating age and experience, should be made to the Medical Superintendent, Shelton Hospital, Shrewsbury, from whom further particulars may be obtained. J. P. Mallett, Secretary. Royal Salop Infirmary, Shrewsbury.

MEN or women with several years' practical experience in industry and a University Degree wanted as motion study investigators. Training given. Good salary and prospects. Apply, giving age, qualifications and experience, to The Anne Shaw Organisation, Beech House, Heald Green, Cheadle, Cheshire.

ASSISTANT Secretary. The Nuffield Foundation has a vacancy for an Assistant Secretary. He must be a university graduate (in any faculty) with a good academic record, of proved administrative ability in responsible posts and having the capacity to consider novel proposals imaginatively and practically. Preferably he should be aged between 35 and 40 years. The commencing salary will be £1,200 a year, with superannuation and child allowances. Anyone wishing to be considered for this post should write to the Secretary, Nuffield Foundation, 12 Macklenbergh Square, London, W.C.1, stating age and full details of qualifications and experience and the names of three referees. L. Farrer-Brown, Secretary.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview. The posts are in various Government Departments and divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology; Library and Technical Information Services). Completed application forms from candidates offering qualifications in Biological Sciences, Geology or Meteorology must be returned by September 2, 1950; all candidates in the group will be invited to a special series of Selection Boards shortly after that date. Interviews from candidates offering qualifications in other subjects will be held throughout the remainder of the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 28 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with Mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £320–£400. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 3068.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women for the post of Child Care Officer, the duties being mainly concerned with boarding-out, adoption, child life protection and some Court work. Salary: Grade II of National Scales (£420 to £465). Completion of a Home Office course in Child Care will be an advantage, or will a degree or diploma in Social Science. The appointment is superannuable, subject to medical examination. Candidates must be able to drive and will be required to own a motor car for which allowances are payable on the National Scale. Applications, together with copies of two recent testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees, must reach me not later than September 1, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies. F. A. Sejborne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

GLAMORGAN County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited from men for the post of Deputy Superintendent at "Penyfryn" Children's Hostel, near Aberdare, which caters for 60 boys and girls under 15. Salary—£225 × £15—£270 p.a., plus emoluments valued at £120 p.a. Duties—Responsibility for leisure-time activities, and the sharing of residential responsibilities of the Superintendent, as directed from time to time by the Committee. Qualifications—Experience of residential work, or youth work, or recognised qualification in Social Science, children's work or Youth Service. Residential accommodation will only be available for a married couple where the wife is prepared to act as a House-Mother. No accommodation is available for families. Salary for wife, £5 2s. per week less 23s. for board, lodging and laundry. Forms of application and the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Children's Officer, Glamorgan County Hall, Cathays Park, Cardiff, and should be returned to her not later than August 26, 1950. D. J. Parry, Clerk of the County Council, Clerk of the County Council's Dept., Glamorgan County Hall, Cardiff.

TEACHER (resident—woman) required for observing and organising the educational activities of children who are admitted for a period of two or three weeks to a Reception Centre conducted by the Church of England Children's Society in Balham, preparatory to a final placement. Experience of remedial teaching of backward children an advantage. Member of Church of England. Further particulars apply, quoting S/1 and this publication, to Sec., Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd., S.E.11.

WOMEN'S Clubs. Assistant Organiser required. Commencing salary £400; superannuation scheme. Applicants should have experience with housewives and educational work amongst women. Social Science Diploma or comparable qualific. desirable. Applics. within a fortnight of this advertisement to The National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1.

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2. Part-time Electrocardiographer required to work in this Department for four sessions per week, fee £2 2s. per session. Clinical training and experience essential. Ability to lecture and demonstrate desirable. Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with names of two referees, should be addressed to the Secretary not later than September 9, 1950.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Department. Appointment of Superintendent and Matron. Applications are invited from married couples for the joint appointment of Resident Superintendent and Matron at a beautifully situated modern Children's Home for thirty boys and girls aged 5–15 at South Collingham, near Newark. Applicants should have a sympathetic understanding of children and residential experience. Child Care Certificate will be an advantage. Salaries: Superintendent—scale to be determined within the range £565 × £15—£655. Matron—scale to be determined within the range £435 × £15—£510, plus residential emoluments in each case valued at £180 p.a. Personal accommodation consists of sitting room, two bedrooms and bathroom. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom completed applications should be returned within 14 days. In reply please quote name of newspaper. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Twosdale Mosley, Clerk of the County Council.

ESSEX County Council. Assistant Housemothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

B.B.C. invites applications from typists with a perfect knowledge of Russian and a good knowledge of English. The work consists mainly of typing from Russian dictation and copy typing in English. Candidates must have reliable typing speeds and be willing to work on a shift basis, including week-ends. Knowledge of political and economic world affairs would be an advantage. The posts are in a scale of which the maximum is £6 5s., plus language allowance. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Russian Typist, N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNA Editor. A senior officer is required by the United Nations Association to edit its publications and be responsible for information and publicity services. Salary £500 to £600 according to qualifications and experience. Forms and particulars from UNA, 11 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2, on receipt of stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

HOUSE-MASTER (1950), for spare time activities, music, art, handicraft, general duties. Well-balanced personality. Sm. school for maladjusted children. Reply Principal, Westhope School, Craven Arms, Shropshire.

REQUIRED: Res. Asst. Matron for autumn term. Com. salary £350. Some nursing experience preferred. Full parts. to Matron, Residential School for Jewish Deaf Children, 101 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12. (BAT. 3833.)

THE Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd. Education Committee has vacancies for qualified youth club leaders in the Brockley, Welling, Morden and Eltham areas. Clubs meet on two evenings each week. Leader's fees 15s. per evening. Application forms from Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

CLUB Leader wanted in September for a settlement in Paddington. A man or woman with experience of mixed Youth Clubs and Juniors. Salary according to age and qualifications plus residence. Applications with full particulars and references to The Warden, Beauchamp Lodge Family Club, 2 Warwick Crescent, London, W.2.

CAPABLE girl wanted from September, for scholastic and literary work, touch typing essential. £3 half week to beginner first month. Useful post in good circumstances. West End. Box 8458

EDUC. woman or companion help to prof. widow (retired) running musical household. Daily women. Menges, 49 Castellain, S.W.13.

WANTED: First-class cataloguer for antiquarian booksellers, West End. Working knowledge French and German. Excellent prospects for right man with opening for directorship later. Box 8477.

LITERARY Secretary, part or full-time. Thorough experience preparing MSS. for book publication essential. History, shorthand, typing useful. Reply Box 8479, stating fee, experience.

SHORTHAND-typist, preferably married woman, required four days a week. Apply in writing to the Secretary, Family Discussion Bureau, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

HELP wanted for baby and household, living in, near London. Easy-going family atmosphere, literary and musical. Box 8317.

TEMPORARY Manageress required to take charge of Hostel in Worcester Super-Mare for the month of September. Remuneration £5 a week plus residence. Apply Department of Personnel, 32 Cavendish Square, W.1.

HEAD Lady Cook required on September 4 for large school. Numbers 260; well-equipped kitchen fully staffed. Salary £260 p.a. Holidays 6 weeks in the year. Apply Frensham Heights, nr. Farnham, Surrey.

GARDENER-Handyman and experienced Matron, prof. couple, wanted in co-ed. Boarding School, 50-60 children. Large country house in Midlands: for September. Box 8300.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EX-Airborne Captain, designer, Physics honours degree, also first-class pianist, seeks part-time job while completing training for concert platform. Widely travelled, knowledge of current affairs, languages. Box 8375.

GRADUATE, reading law, wants position as Secretary to Author/M.P. Box 8433.

FAMILY man, 36, University education, varied experiences, Grammar School teacher at present, seeks responsible position requiring initiative and drive. Box 8412.

TEACHER, 30, trained, exptd., wants post in happy school or other community. Teach, house-mother, cook, outdoor work, anything. High pay not asked. Box 8305.

YOUNG man (25), writing articles and brochures on engineering subjects, *desires* post giving scope for wide knowledge and interests in arts, people, economics. Editorial, publicity. Conscientious, initiative, good personality. Box 8328.

B.Sc. (Econ.), 29, shorthand, typing, French, German, seeks part-time political position. Box 8334

FIRST-class honours Graduate (modern languages), Barrister, research experience, former lecturer in English in foreign university, highest references, 31, seeks post London area. Box 8346.

YNG. man (21) wishes remunerative position, go anywhere, do anything. Box 8347.

CAN anyone make use of a Cambridge economics graduate (1948 2i) tired of editing trade journals? Economic science with war service. Knowledgeable about politics, movies, sport. Box 8348.

YOUNG man (30), contributor leading periodicals, lit., polit., asst. editor journal, wishes change. Pt.-time consid. Box 8279.

BUSINESS man (retired but) reading economics and sociology, seeks occupation in keeping with his studies. Proved organising ability, used to responsibility, wide interests. Moderate salary. Box 8468.

GRADUATE, woman, ord. M.A. (Glasgow), French, German, Economics, seeks post, Johnstone, Wyrefield, Stewarton, Ayrshire.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces 2 travel schemes. Short-term membership: 1 mth. 10s.; 3 mths. £1; 6 mths. 30s.; 1 year £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, etc. Write Office, 511 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 (HOL. 3088).

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.30, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

LECTURE Hall. Seats 250. Available evenings Thursday to Saturday and Saturday afternoons (not Sunday, not political meetings). Equipment for refreshments. Apply Secretary, Mary Ward Settlement, 5/7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. EUSton 1816.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8923.

EYESIGHT—those interested in the Bates method of visual re-education and sight-training can obtain particulars from the Bates Practitioners Association, 10 Harcourt House, 19a Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Heine: complete eleven volumes, 1876, beautiful leather binding, excellent condition, £10; E.M.G. Gramophone MK.XB, good condition, £20.

WANTED: Organdy: "World Review," June, 1950; "Leader" magazine, April 1, 1950; Second-hand copies of books published in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method (Routledge & Kegan Paul, Ltd.)—please list titles; "The Fall of the German Republic," by R. T. Clark (Allen & Unwin, 1935); King Penguins—"Roses" and "Ships"; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 1od. a word after, including forwarding replies.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.). St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "The Gentle Gunman." Mems.

UNITY. "Winkles and Champagne." Victorian Music Hall and Melodrama. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. E.U.D.S. Festival Production. "King Lear" will be presented in the University from Aug. 23 to Sept. 9, at 7.15, with Matinees every Tues., Fri. and Sat., at 2.30. Ths. (1s., 2s. 6d.), at Rae, Macintosh, Ltd., George St., Edinburgh.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Aug. 20th, 7.30. "Martin Roumagnac" (A), (French).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 16 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, B.B.C. Opera Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron, Stanford Robinson. Thts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

WILLIAM and Mary and their Time. An exhibition organised by the Arts Council, Victoria and Albert Museum. Open till Aug. 20. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

A COLLECTION of 17th, 18th and 19th Century Paintings and Early English Watercolours at modest prices. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Chinese paintings by Chen Chun-Fu and Wu Yung-Hsiang. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.), until Sept 2. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival. State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhib. English & French Paintings, Drawings & Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Mixed Summer Exhibition of British and French Painting.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Selected Paintings by The Avant-Garde. Till Aug. 26, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. ex. Sun.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., London, W.1. "XX-Century British Painters." Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ALFRED Wallis. 1st retrospective exhib. Municipal Coll., Bournemouth, wk.-days, 10-5, till Sept. 2. Guide-lect. Robin Pearce.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CLUB 1943. Erich Kästner reads from his own works in German on Tuesday, August 29, at 7.30 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.2. Tickets at 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from Interbook, Ltd., 6 Drapers Gardens, E.C.2. Tel.: MRT. 9779. H. Preiss, Bookseller, 29 Museum St., W.C.1, or the Box Office, Conway Hall, from 7 p.m. only, on day of lecture.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 26, at 6 p.m. Poetry Reading in 12 Languages.

THE Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1: SLO. 0453). A lecture by Professor Mario Praz: "Life-enhancing Italy"; Fri., Sept. 1, 6.30 p.m. Entrance free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. School of Commerce. The Evening School provides courses of study for men and women employed in Commerce. Students may prepare for any of the following: 1. Professional Examinations in Banking, Accountancy, Cost Accountancy, Company Secretarial Work, Exporting, and Sales Management. 2. Inter. B.Com. and Inter B.Sc. (Econ.), Lond. 3. Final B.Com. and Final B.Sc. (Econ.), Lond. 4. Diploma in Public Administration, Lond. 5. University Extension Diploma in Economics. 6. Local Government Promotion Examination. 7. Royal Statistical Society and Association of Incorporated Statisticians. Session 1950-1 commences on Monday, September 25. New students will be enrolled on September 18 (former students, Sept. 11-15), 6-8 p.m. Prospectuses may be obtained on application to J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1. (nr. Russell Square). Three weeks' Intensive and Practical Course in Spoken Russian, Sept. 4-23. Classes Monday to Friday, 6.30-8.00. For Beginners and Students of all grades. Fee 25gns. For particulars apply to Secretary. Tel: Holborn 6770. Normal Autumn Term begins October 2.

MACHINERY of Government. A course of twelve lectures planned to provide busy people with a basic knowledge of the British Constitution begins on September 19 next. The lectures will be given weekly on Tuesdays from 7-9 p.m. and will be delivered at the Asian Institute, 17 Irving St. Leicester Square. Fee is one guinea. To enrol, write, call or 'phone School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. Trafalgar 6415.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

ANGLO-French Art Centre has vacancies for full-time students and evening classes for drawing, painting and sculpture. Preparation for M. of E. exams. Apply 29 Elm Tree Rd., N.W.8. Tel. CUNningham 7854.

BASIC Economics. A Course of 12 lectures planned to provide busy people with a working knowledge of economics. Syllabus covers economic theories of past and present. Each weekly lecture repeated from Monday to Friday, from Sept. 18. Fee one guinea. Enrol now. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. TRAfalgar 6415.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Lowebridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

LANGHAM Secretarial College. Thorough training for educated girls leads to well-paid private secretarial posts at home and overseas. Vacancies Sept. 4 & October 2. Prospectus: Secretary, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. Euston 5811.

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1, and Park Lane, W.1, provides training for High Grade Secretarial posts and has few vacancies left for 1950/1.

TOUCH-typewriting. Learn in 12 private lessons, Chelsea. Miss Sutton: FLA. 1493.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre teaches the conscious elimination of faulty postural habits and over-tension by a method of proved value in many states of physical ill-health and psychological disorder. Doctors' and teachers' enquiries specially welcome. 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11. Tel.: Park 7222.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

STANISLAVSKY Holiday School, Hovel Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11. Aug. 31-Sept. 14. Particulars: Secy. (SLO. 1040, BAY. 2093). Also vacancies full-time training Autumn Term. Evening classes. Two scholarships for men students.

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AUTHORS' MSS. accurately typed. Moderate charges. Henry Crowhurst, 3 Laurel Bank, Storrington, Sussex.

DUPLICATING—12 hr. Service. All typing efficiently completed. Mod. fees. Court Secretarial Service, 372 Kensington High Street, W.8. WES. 0781-2.

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating; Plays, Novels, Reports, Theses, Testimonials. Expert, attractive presentation, pers. supervision. Berrton, 91 Priory Rd. N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you, 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. 5230 and FRE. 8640.

LADY types in her barge in all weathers. FLAxman 8801.

MILDRED Furst Typewriting Service. Careful work by expert typists. Personal supervision. Moderate terms. Special checking service. 36c Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 7479.

LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS. (4-day emergency service for urgent work). Dictating machine service. Duplicg., indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Transins. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful checking. Dplctg. Transls. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 57 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 4014.

TRANSLATOR, expert: French (native language), German, English, both ways. Conferences, literature, business. FRE. 5909.

PERSONAL

IN our three Children's Homes in S. Devon we give children all the benefit of a life near the sea, on the moors, in the country. We give them stamina and try to fill their little lives with happiness. This work is often strenuous and tiring and the ability to deal with children is a gift given to few, but it brings great satisfaction. Have you this ability and would you like to join us in this work? Mr. & Mrs. Markus, Hillaway Homes for Children, Buckfastleigh, S. Devon.

TWO Swiss girls wishing to learn English. One (25) any post considered, but prefers care of children; other (18) desires look after small children. Board and pocket money. E. Baertschi, 8 rue Charles Girond, Geneva.

WHO can help desperate Jewish refugee to England? As farm help, gardener, poultry-keeper, wife any kind of household work. Child of 5 yrs. Box 8345.

YNG. man in soul-destroying "safe" job sks. new horizons; anywhere. Box 8241.

ARTIST'S modernised cottage Yorks Moors to let, Aug. 29-Sept. 12. 5gns. weekly. Lawley, Tel. Pickering 224.

PERSONAL—*continued*

MOTHER with young child requires unfurn. accom. in London area. Reasonable rent. Willing undertake light duties—caretaker, housekeeper, baby minding or coaching children. Please, any suggestions? Box 8333.

INTELLIGENT, presentable young woman, free-lance artist, seeks part-time job ensuring stable income. Box 7785.

YOUNG professional girl is looking for accommodation in family or boarding house (bed, breakfast, dinner) where she has the company of other girls. S.W. London districts preferred. Box 8173.

MATHS student, 18, reqs. work every Sat. Anything considered. AMH. 4021.

VOLUNTARY work or social activities. Bachelor (42) would welcome suggestions employing some free evgs. & wkends. Box 8275.

NATIONAL Service. The Central Board for Conscientious Objectors offers its advice to any man intending to register as a C.O. under the National Service Act. Write to: 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

LESSONS in harmony, counterpoint and piano for beginners. Sheila Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. FLAxman 6310.

PRIVATE Tuition: Pure Mathematics, Physics, B.Sc. Also Chemistry, Applied, to Inter. B.Sc. Gordon, GLA. 6067.

LAW Lect. Barrister Tutor offers priv. tuition all legal exams. Bens. Spec. revision Ext. Lond. LL.B./Bar Exams. Box 8323.

PRIVATE tuition French and English by Honours Graduate. Box 8411.

STATISTICS, computing. By experts. Research data analysed. LANgham 1187.

CHILDREN at school? A Vocabulet boy or girl is outstanding in the French class. Vocabulet cards 6s. 6d. Florestan Company, 56 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Complete antique furnishing schemes undertaken in the elegant, earthy, or baroque, at absurdly low cost and client's exact advance quotation. Write Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

PEMBROKE House. Resid. with full-time nursing attendance for elderly or infirm clients. Individual requirements given. Most reas. terms with reduced charges for perm. guests. Happy and friendly surroundings. Write Sister K. Parsons, S.R.N., C.M.B., Pembroke House, 91 Pembroke Ave., Hove 3.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

THE House on the Hill, 5 Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3. Day Nursery and Kindergarten has vacancies for children to 6 years of age in Sept. Further particulars from the Matron, Ham. 1662.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8043.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

PIANO lessons given by professor of music: moderate terms. Box 8367.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PARIS to Nice by coach—single fare £3 only. Daily service. Buy your tickets & choose your seats at Cariba, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel. MUSeum 8499 & 6463.

BEAUTIFUL Corsica. Have an unforgettable fortnight under canvas in pines by the sea. Perfect climate, magnificent scenery, excellent food and service—£28 10s. inclusive from London. Club Olympique de Paris. Representatives: Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4346.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meetings, socials and dances.

SUMMER house parties/week-end parties. Good company. France, Italy, Spain, etc. September party on lovely Cornish coast. Write/'phone for details: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831.

LATE Continental holidays, not organized for the masses but individually arranged for you, from £15 11s. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

ITALY. Charming inexpensive holiday Verona & Mairesine amid the lemon groves of Lake Garda. Total cost London 15 days £37. All-ways, 30 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tra 2781.

AUTUMN in the South of France is sunniest. Reduced terms from October in private villa, Menton, 3 min. sea. Box 8122.

THE Ox on the Roof, Kings Rd., Chelsea, will be closed from August 20. Re-opening September 5.

INTERNATIONAL house party. New Forest district, by the sea, invites other professional and University people; tennis, bathing, language exchange and tuition. Vacancies from Aug. 19 to Sept. 2. Also week-end party Aug. 25-28. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—*continued*

BETTER than a rest-cure is a course of nerve manipulation. A therapy of proved value in conditions of fatigue, nervous tension and physical debility. A reintegrating treatment, stimulating and invigorating. Mr. Stephens, 1 Bentinck St. London, W.1. Tel. WEL. 9800.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

HAMPSTEAD. S.c. unfurn. flat, 3½ large rooms, kit., etc. Rent controlled £220 p.a., which includes rates, c.h.w. Furniture and fittings, £260. Box 8087.

N.W.11—after mid-Sept.—quiet room looking on garden, for teacher or business woman. With or without breakfast. Box 8372.

PROF. couple offer comfortable bedsitter in Chelsea flat. All convens. to suitable girl student (foreign). Reasonable. Box 8362.

DOUBLE and single divan bed-sitting rooms (constant H. & C.), including breakfast and dinner, from £3 10s. 12 Sussex Place, London, W.2. PADdington 0837.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 1665. Basmt. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

58 West End Lane, N.W.6, 2 mins. Tube, buses pass door, h. & c. water in all rooms, daily service, including breakfast from 45s. onwards. Phone: MAI. 2217.

ACCOMMODATION, Vegetarian student, term time. Breakfast, evening meal. 2gns. S.W. London. Box 8338.

TO let: furnished room in private house for student or young person. 30s. Kensington. Box 8319.

SOCIALIST (m.) willing share with another cent. Highgate flat. Own partly furn. rm. for suitable person. No service. Box 8255.

INTERNATIONAL Students' Hostel, 1 Oldham Road, W.10. (Metro., Latimer Rd.). Tel.: LAD. 3704. Male students for the new term can apply now for accommodation.

DOUBLE bed-sitting room for 2 male students, with partial board. Opposite Roundwood Park. Box 8361.

BEAUTIFULLY furn. modern house to let early Oct.-Xmas. 3 bedrooms, large lounge, dining room. Garage, gardens. All electric. 15 mins. Victoria. Weekly 8gns. Box 8171.

FURN. cottage to let for winter N. Devon by coast 3 bed. bath, w.c. Box 8297.

EAST Wittering, Sussex. Four-berth caravan to let from Sept. 16. 5 guineas weekly, reduced for long let. Secluded picturesque site; close sea and shops. Ideal for study. Ewell 4436 or Box 8384.

UNIV. grad. marrying soon shs. unf. flat. Own kit. N.W. suburbs. ARN. 4520.

YOUNG professional couple, qualified baby-sitters, urgently req. in Sept. furn./unfurn. 1 mns., N. London area. Box 8395.

DESIGNER and young family need stable or wing for dwelling. Undecorated. ½-hr. West End. Andrews, MAY. 0801, day.

OPTIMISTIC journalist with wife and two children under 2 wants roomy unfurnished accommodation with garden, preferably within 10 miles Charing X. Reasonable rent. Prepared pay modest sum for fittings, etc. All offers considered. Box 8431.

UNIV. lecturer, young, married, seeks reas. unfurn. accom. London. Box 8414.

WANTED about Aug. 28, 1-2 yrs. cheap furn. mews flatlet or bed-sit.-kit., within cycling, bussing distance London School Economics. Box 8413.

STUDENT, 19, seeks bed-sitting room with use piano 1 or 2 hrs. daily, pref. within reasonably convenient reach Chelsea, from mid-Sept. Box 8285.

WANTED, September, by Canadian music student, furnished/unfurnished room, cooking facilities, practice, moderate rent, London area. Refs. Box 8276.

YOUNG couple, both Civil Servants, require unfurnished flat or small house, London. Excellent references. Box 8307.

N.Z. woman graduate, student industrial design, shs. well-lit small bed-sit., with convs. Convenient W.C.1. Box 8231.

LADY shs. rm. H'stead/Highgate fur./unf., grd./1st fl., usual facils. Box 8318.

TWO Mass-Observers (women) need flat furn./unfurn., Ken./Bayswater. Box 8410.

UNFURNISHED 3-rooms & kitchen, s.c., urgently required London or suburbs, reasonable rent. Box 8436.

OXFORD graduate (24), working in City, interested politics and economics, requires large bed-sitting room with breakfast and dinner, London. Semi-permanency. Details or 'phone number to Box 8264.

YOUNG Indian Civil Service Officer (27) shs. accom., part meals, in cultured company, long period, vicinity Rochester, Kent, 5gns. wkly. Garage facilities. Box 8298.

PROFESSOR and wife desire very quiet unfurn. flat/cottage London or country about one hour London, December. Box 8062.

MANCHESTER. Student reqs. accom. with/without meals commencing Oct. 1. Bernard Murphy, 165 Wickham St. Welling, Kent.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 214 and 215

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